THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a pre-publication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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Books Abroad

THE FAIR-HAIRED VICTORY. *By Sacheverell Sitwell. London: Gerald Duckworth & Co. 1930. 8s. 6d.*

(Arthur Waugh in the *Daily Telegraph*, London)

MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL has completed his study of *The Gothick North*, its mediæval life, and art, and thought; and he now takes leave at last of the busy, imitative art master and his sister, who stand as representatives of the old-fashioned way of regarding the treasures of the past. He leaves them, no doubt, a little puzzled and uncertain of his meaning, as he will (inevitably) leave a good many of his readers, who have none the less enjoyed his jeweled prose and the swift incursions of his darting fancy.

The author, it will be remembered, set out to suggest that the current appreciation of art has concentrated upon painting and the criticism of pictures, and has done so at a time when Europe seems to have exhausted all its pictorial resources and to be stranded artistically in a backwater. The future of art, he believed, would lie with architecture, with music, and with poetry, and the hopeless ossification of an art sense was illustrated by the purposeless activities of his middle-aged enthusiasts, pottering in and out of Italian cathedrals, jointing up their easels in the shadows of Chartres or Avignon, and losing all touch with the eternal life of art in their meditations upon its dead past.

Many sides of art are indeed dead, because they have already reached their 'earthly best,' but there are others to take their place. The one essential is that the art in practice should be the art natural to the time. In his earlier volumes Mr. Sitwell has considered the art of tapestry and of painting; in this third and final installment he turns to architecture, and in particular to the art life of the monasteries.

For generations the monastery was the only sanctuary for meditative and peaceful humanity, 'the only refuge for those who were not prepared for blows with any chance person they met.' The monasteries stand as monuments of communistic effort, conceived and executed in a spirit now impossible, since civilization has reached a stage where all art must depend on individual effort, and everyone is faced by the struggle for existence. In these sheltered communities every inmate was provided for, and the cloister hummed with inspiration. In that hallowed silence every sound from without awoke the call of poetry and filled the fancy with romance.

And what of *The Fair-Haired Victory* and the triumphs of *The Gothick North?* Apparently this. As the art of the cloister, whether with chisel or brush, looked out through its mullioned windows for material on which to work, the gay colors of the North slowly flooded the Southern imagination. The Italians no longer looked to Greece or into their own midst for inspiration; the Northern type became the canon and fixed ideal of physical beauty. A new and triumphant vindication arrived with Rubens, who dragged the whole Renaissance back into the North by the power and personality of one man. Art was alive then, alive and astir; it is only our own unintelligent generation that, worshiping art as a sort of static curiosity, smothers its reappearance in the form and for the purpose most needed to the time.

So we can only go back to the past in a spirit of humility and submission, seeking the light of its living force, which is dead and buried to the antiquarian and archæologist. We must seek it, even if we never seem to find it. There, in the past, is 'the very world in which we want to live, lying near to us but impossible to touch. . . . Kept away from us by some infrangible rule that neither body nor mind can contradict.' What, then, must we do to be saved? The best, it seems, that the modern seeker after beauty can do is to try to live in his own orbit and to fill it with beauty for himself. The secret of beauty may be captured from the past, but the beauty to be sought to-day must be the beauty appropriate to present need.

If painting and weaving and even architecture have touched their highest point and can achieve no more, there are still poetry and music, 'dematerialized forms of art,' lying open and susceptible to the spirit of the future. In those insubstantial, wandering airs there is more real life and meaning than in all the stones of Venice or the ruins of the Parthenon.

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CONTINENTAL STATESMEN. *By George Glasgow. London: Geoffrey Bles. 1930. 10s. 6d.*

(*The Spectator*, London)

'Judged by its record of butchery, Europe may be argued to be the most uncivilized continent in the world.' This sentence is typical of the caustic vein in which Mr. George Glasgow writes, whenever he lets himself go. He is one of that generation whose whole attitude to life is conditioned by the experience of four and a half years of that butchery. The iron has entered into their soul—and the tragedy of it is that in so many cases it has so seared their consciousness and numbed their social sense that they will have nothing to do with public affairs. Mr. Glasgow, however, is an exception; like Mr. Vernon Bartlett of B.B.C. fame, he has transmuted his bitterness into a grim determination that, in so far as *his* efforts may contribute toward lightening our darkness, the world will not again be allowed to drift into war.

Not even to-day, as he points out, do the English-speaking peoples understand either the nature or importance to themselves of what is done by Continental Europe. Above all, we in Great Britain shall not begin to play our rightful part in restoring sanity through the League until British lay opinion appreciates 'how far the post-War diplomacy of the Quai d'Orsay has added to British burdens and British dangers.' It is no bad thing that our official representatives should be once more reminded how frequently they have been ensnared by Continental wiles, and notably French diplomatic technique, for example, Mr. Baldwin's after-luncheon interview with M. Poincaré in September, 1923, the Volpi settlement of Italy's debt, the Anglo-French compromise in 1928, and the whole history of post-War debts and reparations, which, as the recent *démarches* of the French Treasury show, is not yet finished. Even the Channel Tunnel scheme stands or falls, in the minds of many people, by the question as to whether it 'would still further expose Great Britain to the diplomatic blackmail of France.'

This is, of course, the background of Mr. Glasgow's book, and such reflections should not deter anyone from enjoying a very readable series of pen pictures, which include the prominent political figures of every European country. There are some delicious stories of M. Briand, Dr. Schacht, M. Litvinov, and others, which have necessarily been crowded out of Mr. Glasgow's admirable monthly survey of foreign affairs in the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Glasgow has his preferences: first of all, the statesmen (the word is here truly applied) of Czechoslovakia, also Dr. Seipel of Austria, the volatile Venizelos, the 'unimportant' politicians of Sweden, most of all, Dr. Nansen, and in general all those who approximate to the type exemplified in Dr. Marx or Mr. Baldwin, 'who have enough sense of caution to understand that popular emotion is mischievous and ought to be lulled rather than excited.' Where he has special knowledge of the difficulties, as, for example, in his appraisal of the dictatorship in Yugoslavia, he shows a welcome tolerance and good sense which might with advantage have been extended to the Primo de Rivera régime in Spain. His account of Spanish affairs is telescopic but hardly fair.

Mr. Glasgow does not think very highly of the European politician, suggesting that the general level of intellectual and spiritual quality is below the standard of most of the professions or of big finance and industry. He is probably right, but this is no reason for giving 'politics' a bad name altogether, and comparing unfavorably the representatives of democracy with the protagonists of finance and industry, who are better able to realize that their interests are international and interdependent, or the permanent Foreign Office official with whom 'restraint has become a habit, and peace an aspiration.' Mr. Glasgow would be better employed in reëstablishing an understanding of what the word, 'politics,' really means. Politics to-day, that is, the *respublica* of the Romans—includes essentially all that economic explosive material that he would leave to the mercy of private individuals. Until public opinion appreciates the distinction between the common interests of humanity and narrow party or national interest, it is no use heaping abuse on statesmen's heads. Rather should we commend and encourage those who undertake the 'endless adventure' of governing men, as defined in Mr. F. S. Oliver's new and brilliant study of Sir Robert Walpole.

■ ■ ■ ■ Quality advertising, not advertising volume, is the aim of THE LIVING AGE. ■ ■ ■ ■

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THE GUIDE POST

THE CAMPAIGN for Empire free trade launched by the Rothermere and Beaverbrook newspaper chains threatens to revolutionize British politics. It represents, firstly, an attempt to cure the present economic crisis by a large-scale remedy and, secondly, a bid for power on the part of Lord Beaverbrook. W. A. Hirst, a World War veteran and a former professor of history in several Indian universities, discusses the subject from the point of view of orthodox enlightened Conservatism.

Stalin's bold efforts to put across his Five-Year Plan of economic development have unquestionably stimulated the flood of anti-Russian propaganda that is being released in many European countries. Because there is so much prejudice in the air just now we are particularly glad to be able to present two really unbiased and authoritative articles on the present conditions in Soviet territory. Wilm Stein, Moscow correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, tells how the Five-Year Plan is affecting the peasants, on whom its ultimate success depends, and an Austrian journalist, also writing from the Russian capital, explains the new foreign policy on which the Soviet Government has embarked.

CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT'S marriage to Princess Marie José brought with it a number of incidents indicating that Mussolini may have a formidable rival on his hands. The Rome correspondent of *Pester Lloyd* describes the wedding and draws certain conclusions that no Italian writer would be allowed to express publicly.

Dr. G. P. Gooch is one of the two editors of the official British Documents on the Origins of the War and a prolific writer on matters pertaining to foreign policy. His attitude toward Germany is sympathetic—perhaps because he married a German wife—and he is as well equipped by nature and by knowledge to interpret Great Britain and Germany to each other as any living Englishman.

Civilization has come to Japan so suddenly that many contradictions are still to be seen in the nation's daily life. Henri Johannot has just returned from an official visit to the Far East, where he has been helping to spread the Christian religion. Leopold Winkler, on the other hand, has been living out there for years and his discussion of the vanishing geisha girl shows what stern conditions even the most delightful institutions must face.

GASTON RAGEOT is one of the most active and readable journalists in Paris. He used to do play reviews for the *Revue Bleue* and has always written occasional essays for *L'Illustration*, in which his present contribution appeared. This fall he paid a visit to the United States which led him to conclude that the Stock Exchange collapse represents a spiritual as well as a financial crisis of the first order.

Many readers are going to be puzzled, but more, we hope, will be amused, by Massimo Bontempelli's fantastic story of how he tried to meet a friend's friend at a railway station. It is extravaganza pure and simple, but it throws not a little light on the subtle workings of the Italian mind and for that reason may serve to counteract some of the effects that Mussolini's antics occasionally produce. Its author, by the way, is one of the coming young writers of his country and his reputation is already international.

BALKAN travel has always been more amusing to read about than to experience, and under present circumstances conditions are rather worse than usual. Jan Struther, however, has not only written a most entertaining description of a railway accident in Rumania—he even gives the impression of having had a good time out of it himself.

Ever since Anatole France died his memory and his reputation have been subjected to constant attacks from the Bright Young Men of Paris. Gonzague Truc, the author of a sympathetic study of France, turns on some of these irreverent iconoclasts, asserting that the Master will outlive them all.

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE WORLD OVER

WITH ALL CHRISTENDOM protesting against the religious persecutions of the Soviet Government, it begins to look as if a fresh attempt to mobilize world opinion against Russia had begun to get under way. Consider, first, the present condition of Europe. Great Britain has on its hands upward of a million unemployed; Germany, over two millions; and in both countries these numbers are increasing. In France the parties of the Left, including the powerful Communist group, are steadily gaining ground. And in every European nation large factions of discontented workers are coming to feel that Russian methods offer the only escape from their present condition of servitude or idleness.

This is not to say that the religious leaders who appealed for universal prayers in Russia's behalf were prompted by political motives; the point is, rather, that the secular press has been attaching the greatest importance to these outbursts at a moment when the tension between Russia and the rest of the world is increasing. In London the same Conservative journals that have been consistently opposing the Labor Government for according diplomatic recognition to Moscow have launched into the new holy war with an almost unholy zeal. The *Morn-*

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20

JAPAN holds GENERAL ELECTION with 10,000,000 voters going to the polls.

WORKMEN'S FEDERATION in TAMPICO, MEXICO, votes a GENERAL STRIKE as a protest against the recent closing of beer saloons.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21

CAMILLE CHAUTEMPS names a new FRENCH CABINET representing the parties of the LEFT and retaining ARISTIDE BRIAND as FOREIGN MINISTER.

The PANAMA REPUBLIC transfers additional MINING CONCESSIONS to the BRITISH PANAMA CORPORATION, which already controls more than 9,000 square miles of territory.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22

PREMIER HAMAGUCHI'S PARTY, the MINSEITO, wins a clear majority of seats in the JAPANESE LOWER HOUSE.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24

KING FEISAL of IRAK and KING IBN SAUD of the NEJD sign a TREATY of ARBITRATION and FRIENDSHIP.

PORTES GIL, MEXICAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, inaugurates a strong propaganda drive against alcohol.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25

The RADICAL-SOCIALIST FRENCH CABINET, headed by CAMILLE CHAUTEMPS, fails by a margin of fifteen to receive a vote of confidence in the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES and falls.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26

REVOLUTIONARY FORCES gain control of the capital of SANTO DOMINGO.

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ing Post was urging the Archbishop of Canterbury to protest against the religious persecutions in Russia whole weeks before he finally uttered his appeal for prayers, and when the Pope took a similar stand, some days in advance of the Church of England, the *Post* made the following comment:—

> The persecuted, and indeed all, Christians will rejoice that the Pope has thrown himself into the movement of protest and prayer against the atrocities in Russia. There is the high authentic note of righteous wrath in his denunciation of 'the horrible sacrilegious wickedness perpetrated in Russia against God and the souls of men.' His soul, it is evident, burns within him as he describes, not the persecution only, but the perversion of youth against religion and morals which is the deliberate policy of the Terrible Sect.

The *Daily Herald*, Labor's official organ, presents the other side of the case:—

> It is not as if the Tory motives were pure and open and above suspicion. There would be more sympathy with their protests if it was a settled policy for them to wage war against persecution. That is not the case. We have yet to hear of any outburst of Tory indignation about the persecutions which have distinguished Mussolini's dictatorship. On the contrary, the excesses of the Italian régime are generally the subject for the plaudits of large numbers of members of the Tory Party.
>
> As to the sudden concentration upon religious persecution, that is an entirely new phenomenon. During the reign of the Tsar, when pogroms were the order of the day, the voices of Toryism were as silent as the graves to which the victims were hurried.

The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* also wonders why religious persecution has so suddenly become an issue:—

> The Bolshevik revolution has lasted for a dozen years. Why is it only now that the churches are moved to something like unanimity of protest? There is no evidence that the Bolsheviks are doing more now to discourage religion in Russia than they have done in the past, and it is difficult not to suspect that persons whose interests are more political than religious have set themselves to make use of the Church. Why should this unanimity of protest be found now, when, so far as we have been able to discover, the acts against which it is directed are neither more frequent nor more shocking than they were some years ago?

The same journal then goes on to say that some of the atrocities that have been advertised of late actually occurred years ago:—

> Most disquieting of all is the admission that atrocities which are being used to stimulate feeling are 'not recent atrocities.' Some of the atrocities described are curiously like those which occur in Russian historical romances dealing with the early eighteenth century. It is extremely difficult not to suspect that we are once more being subjected to 'propaganda' of the type that was too common during the War, and that, sincere as the movement of protest may be, it is being used, like many other genuine religious movements before it, to further political ends of which it is largely unconscious.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27

ANTIROYALIST DEMONSTRATIONS in the streets of MADRID follow a speech by SÁNCHEZ GUERRA, former PREMIER, who declares himself a monarchist but an opponent of KING ALFONSO.

BRITISH SHIPBUILDERS decide to pursue a policy of RATIONALIZATION and will close all 'redundant or obsolete' shipyards.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28

RAFAEL ESTELLA URENA, insurgent leader, becomes PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT of SANTO DOMINGO until elections are held in *May*.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1

SENATOR BORAH makes his first statement on the LONDON NAVAL PARLEY, warning all the nations represented there to reach an agreement.

JOHN N. WILLYS, motor car manufacturer, is named AMERICAN AMBASSADOR to POLAND.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2

STALIN urges slowing down the movement to promote COLLECTIVIZED FARMING on the ground that it has been advancing too rapidly.

ANDRÉ TARDIEU presents the list of his new CABINET to PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE.

MONDAY, MARCH 3

MAHATMA GANDHI sends to VICEROY IRWIN an ultimatum urging that many requests of the ALL-INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS be granted.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5

TARDIEU's new CABINET wins the confidence of the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES by a majority of 53 votes.

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A letter to the *Times* from Sir Bernard Pares, a lifelong student of Russia and one of the leading British authorities on that country, gives this realistic explanation of the present crisis:—

> Stalin, whose violence was always feared by Lenin, has now expelled or subdued all his colleagues, and is determined by violence to force through at all costs the whole programme of militant Communism. It was the peasants who defeated Lenin, as Lenin himself admitted. He recognized, as all of us do who have spent long periods among them, that the peasants were the worst material for Communism, that they were essentially small-property men. This essential character is what Stalin is out to alter by force. As is known, the Bolshevists hoped to win in an industrial country, and had no real agricultural policy till they found themselves the rulers of Russia. A more or less mechanical attempt to apply Communism offhand to the Russian peasantry broke down in 1921—because the peasant, when told that, except for the allowance assigned to him for his own needs, he was to grow grain, not for the market, but for the state, stopped growing what he was not allowed to keep, and the result was a colossal famine which is still a nightmare to those who survived it. Stalin is now going through at all costs. He will mechanize agriculture; and he hopes that the difference in output created by state-owned tractors on military farms will cancel the inevitable loss caused by the simultaneous elimination of thrift. At the best he seems in for another great famine, and as likely as not for assassination.

Under such urgent circumstances it is only natural that the opponents of Stalin in the outer world should wish to retort to his militancy in kind.

AS FOR FRANCO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS, they have been unsettled by the Cabinet crisis just as the Naval Conference was. The reactionary papers that support André Tardieu had been giving the most sensational reports of the kidnaping on the streets of Paris of General Koutepov, the White Russian leader, and various mysterious witnesses testified to reporters that a strange—and presumably bogus—police official had been in evidence at the time when the general was said to have been bundled off in a limousine by two agents of the Russian secret service. The *Journal des Débats* says, 'The departure of the Russian ambassador, as well as all those people who are swarming in his protective shadow, would be greeted by the same words that Henry IV uttered to the Spaniards who had been holding Paris until the time of his arrival: "*Bon voyage*, gentlemen, but do not come back." '

L'Humanité, the Communist organ, takes its usual extreme attitude:—

> The Koutepov affair? Never have we witnessed in France such an intemperate campaign of anti-Soviet excitement. It is a piece of counterrevolutionary hysteria. It is not confined to our country. It is throwing capitalist Europe into nervous convulsions. Haunted by the spectre of Communism and by the onward march of the revolutionary labor movement, the bourgeoisie is grinding its teeth and foaming with rage. Leaders and lackeys among the Socialist-Fascists, capitalist newspaper trusts and their mercenary scriveners, a wild group of White

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Russian émigrés, oil magnates, and capitalists struggling to conquer new markets are working to create among the multitudes of workers and peasants a state of war psychology directed against the U. S. S. R.

All in all, one gathers that 1930 will be a more critical year for Russia than for any other major power.

ILL-FEELING BETWEEN Germany and Soviet Russia continues. The Socialist Press Service of Berlin, speaking for the largest political group in the country, has issued a long article asserting that 'German-Russian relations have, beyond all doubt, never reached so low a point.' Whereas the Reich has consistently lived up to its agreements and respected the rights of Soviet citizens in Germany, Russia has checkmated the activities of German firms doing business there and has driven German journalists from the country. At the same time the Soviet Government also interferes with German domestic politics. Lately, for instance, *Vorwärts*, the official newspaper of the German Social Democratic Party, has produced information proving that every day 5,000 of the 25,000 copies of *Rote Fahne*, the organ of the German Communists, are bought and paid for by the Soviet Embassy. In other words a foreign power is subsidizing to the extent of 20 per cent a German journal that has twice been confiscated for inciting its readers to violence. The churches of Germany, both Catholic and Protestant, are joining the world-wide crusade of Christendom against the religious persecutions in Soviet territory and at the same time the Communists have been organizing revolutionary outbreaks on German soil. No wonder the powers that be in Berlin have begun to ask themselves, 'What does Germany get from her relations with the Soviet?'

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Imperial Economic Committee of Great Britain contains the first attempt ever made to show the comparative position of the Empire as a whole in relation to world trade before and since the War. The results are not encouraging. Exports from Canada and New Zealand have, it is true, increased formidably, but Australia and South Africa have barely kept up with the rest of the world's growth and India has only just recovered its pre-War level. Intra-imperial trade is declining comparatively, the share of imperial imports going to the United Kingdom having fallen from 44 per cent in 1913 to 36 per cent in the period from 1925 to 1927. Exports from the mother country have diminished, too, but not so rapidly.

A leading editorial in the London *Times* enumerates a few conclusions that can be drawn from this report:—

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The first is that the British Empire as such is not and cannot be an economic unit in any strict sense of the term, because the trade of its constituent and fiscally independent portions is far too diversified to permit such a classification. If the Empire be taken as a whole, intra-imperial trade accounts for less than half of its total sea-borne commerce. Any attempt to restrict the other half by artificial means would therefore be liable to cause acute and prolonged economic dislocation. On the other hand the Empire certainly is an economic federation. Economically, no less than politically, its constituent portions have a special relation to the United Kingdom which is not shared by any foreign country. And from the point of view of the United Kingdom itself the importance of these economic ties is steadily increasing as the other outlets for our foreign commerce become more difficult to find. The development of Empire trade, moreover, offers special opportunities which no other oversea trade can offer. Community of race, of language, and of social environment are in themselves economic influences which can and should be exploited to the full. Mr. Baldwin, in his speech to the Conservative Party last week, pointed the way to a hitherto untried but most fruitful method of coöperation—namely, the rationalization of industries on an Empire basis. Without any suggestion of interference with the fiscal policy of any dominion it should be possible to increase our trade with the Empire by a carefully planned programme of production and marketing. Such a plan could be worked out quite independently of Government intervention by the voluntary coöperation of industrialists in the dominions and the mother country.

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET, editor of the *Revista de Occidente*, has made a statement on the collapse of Primo de Rivera which fairly expresses the hopes and fears of that important minority of enlightened Spaniards whose attitude is likely to prove decisive:—

The dictatorship has broken the legal continuity of our political system and therefore no government in Spain to-day is or can be legal. The only thing we can ask at present is that it be conducted by a group of persons whose character and reputation will guarantee us legal decency. Since the present Government does, in my opinion, offer us that guarantee I believe that we can turn our attention to more urgent matters.

In the first place, it is of the utmost importance that we shall not confuse the necessity of returning to the legal forms of the old régime with a revival of that régime itself. We are just emerging from seven years of an incredible dictatorship which was the direct result of that régime, and which took place under the Constitution of 1876; indeed, any careful student of our form of government will realize that the difference between the old régime and the dictatorship is only one of degree. We have merely lived through these last years of extreme authority with the same discretion and hypocrisy that we have displayed since 1900. A bold child often cries aloud what its father thinks in silence, and Primo de Rivera was the *enfant terrible* of the old régime.

The old order effectively prevented the nation from achieving unity. Except for a few groups close to the state, Spaniards were not able to lead public lives, and when, in spite of their inertia, they tried to act, these groups prevented them. The old régime was concerned only with itself as a régime, and not with national needs. For that reason, although a drastic reform was necessary, no change was even discussed. The Constitution of 1876, tested by fifty-four years

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of experience, represents formal demoralization. Its preface proclaims certain guarantees, but they are unsupported in actual practice, a fact which has fortunately become evident even to the blindest citizens. In order to maintain the guarantees of 1876 we should need another constitution which is totally different from that of 1876.

The most serious task we face is to form an enormous political party which will aim to make the Spanish Government truly national, instead of personal, which will rise above 'lefts' and 'rights'—in other words, which will instill decency into Spanish political life. For decency in public life means imposing on all Spaniards the will to live together no matter how much they may disagree. Such a spirit is the secret of the excellence and richness of English history in the last two centuries, for as long as a bishop or soldier aspires in the depths of his soul not only to defeat me, since that is respectable enough, but also to eliminate me from public life, or as long as I aspire to do the same to him, our national existence will neither be national nor decent.

El Sol, one of the more liberal Madrid dailies, also expresses relief:—

We remember with pleasure the attitude this paper took in September, 1923. It was frankly benevolent. Theoretically a *coup d'état* is detestable, like everything which violates the civil rights of a nation, but at that time it was absolutely necessary, for there were no civil rights to be violated. All respect for political and moral law had been lost and the old régime was a welter of lawlessness in which Spain was about to perish. But when we saw that the dictatorship did not confine itself to its natural mission, but became a definite régime and began to govern regardless of the will of the people, our attitude radically changed. In the six years and four months that the situation lasted our systematic opposition has not faltered for a moment, although it could not exert itself as clearly and energetically as we wished. To-day we welcome the fall of the dictatorship with the greatest satisfaction and hope, a sensation which is due largely to the fact that General Berenguer has proclaimed himself in favor of the constitution and parliament, and has announced a return to normal conditions of government.

THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN TREATY of friendship and arbitration concluded in Rome between Schober and Mussolini brought in its wake the usual speculations as to the ambitions of Fascist diplomacy in Central Europe. *Le Temps*, speaking for the French Foreign Office, made very light of the political implications of the agreement, pointing out that Austria must maintain the best possible relations with all her neighbors in order to survive at all and that her very existence is too precarious to permit her to play favorites. The *Manchester Guardian*, on the other hand, dwells on the 'somewhat uneasy reports from Bucharest and Belgrade' that are being given great prominence in the Fascist newspapers, which have been suggesting that the same forces that drove Italy into the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria before the War are again at work, but that the present pact is likely to prove more binding than its predecessor. During the festivities that the premiers of the two countries attended together, frequent and significant mention

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was also made of the support that Italy had given Austria at the Second Hague Conference.

THE GENERAL ELECTION in Japan resulting in the sweeping victory of the Minseito Party, to which both Premier Hamaguchi and Reijiro Wakatsuki, leader of the Japanese Naval Delegation, belong, represents a triumph of liberal principles. Its great rival, the Seiyukai group, suffered an unexpectedly severe defeat, but even more significant were the losses of the smaller labor factions, which indicate that Japan has definitely returned to the two-party system of government. Here is the way Mr. S. Washio, a staff contributor to the *Japan Advertiser*, analyzes the history and aims of the two outstanding parties in Japan:—

> The constituencies of our two major parties are the results of a long historical development going back to the feudal ages in its sources. Our first political party, the Jiyuto (which has become the present Seiyukai through a series of superficial changes), rose representing, though at first unconsciously, the interests of rural landowners, but it was not created; it had existed ready made and was waiting to be represented in the new cloak. Even in the feudal ages these constituencies had a fight to wage against the Samurai order of society (which metamorphosed itself into the bureaucratic clan régime of the Meiji era). They had existed in homogeneous clusters before the Seiyukai came to represent and develop them.
>
> The local rivalry that existed among these clusters of landowners left room for a rival political party (fighting against the common enemy) to pick up what the Seiyukai left. The rival party is the Minseito (which, in its turn, has descended through a series of superficial changes from the Shimpoto). But in exploiting the constituencies of landowners the Seiyukai had the lion's share. The Minseito was naturally obliged to look for the bourgeois interests, which were not only then fast developing but had existed to a certain extent since the feudal ages. Since landowners became investors in urban business these two classes of constituencies are intricately intertwined. There is no sharp demarcation between the two parties in the character of their constituencies, but the Seiyukai is still predominant among landowners while the Minseito's superiority in urban constituencies is undisputed.

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EMPIRE FREE TRADE

Lord Beaverbrook's Tariff Scheme

By W. A. Hirst

From the *Empire Review*, British Conservative Monthly

THE EDITOR OF THE *Empire Review* prefaces this article with the following dispatch from the *Morning Post* correspondent in British Columbia:—

'Addressing a large audience at Victoria, Mr. Bennett, leader of the Conservative Party in Canada, said: "Free trade within the Empire is impossible, but, by a system of treaties giving preference, Empire trade could be put on a new self-contained basis and goods now purchased outside the Empire could be bought within it. With the Empire's economic life thus coördinated the constitutional difficulties of governing it would disappear."'

TIMES change, but the problem of the economy of the Empire is ever with us. The growth of our dominions and the rigidly protectionist policy of all countries make the question one of increasing urgency. We have now before us the scheme of Lord Beaverbrook, who, as a Canadian, a man of affairs, and, above all, the creator of a popular newspaper, has every right to speak on the subject.

It is more than a quarter of a century since an imperial fiscal scheme was brought forward by Joseph Chamberlain. The fires of controversy were at once lighted, and the detailed plans were, for the time at least, rejected by the major part of the nation. However, the force of one man brought about a complete change of viewpoint, and, in the matter of imperial preference and taxation of manufactured goods, some small beginnings have been made of late years.

But it is the change in spirit which counts for most. This is very considerable. The matter of dumping is an instance. In Chamberlain's time all the defenders of free trade treated dumping as a benefit. If the foreigner was foolish enough to let us have sugar and other articles below cost price, we ought to buy it and be thankful. To-day, not a single voice is raised in favor of the dumping of German wheat, and the general view is that dumping should be restrained, if only such a thing were possible. Again, it was considered a point of party honor to bang and bar the door against requests from the dominions. Now, their views are anxiously awaited; the only complaint is the difficulty in getting them formulated. The experience of the War, the experiences of the

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egotistic and niggardly conduct ot foreign countries, the independent yet kinsmanlike spirit of our white fellow subjects—all make plans of union and mutual 'comfort' welcome.

Lord Beaverbrook's plan is free trade within the Empire—'a movement to develop the resources, the industry, and the commerce of all parts of the Empire to the fullest possible extent.' The whole British Empire is to be one economic unit. The plan is a tariff wall round the Empire, but the building of that wall depends upon and is conditional upon a reasonable response from the rest of the Empire.

Never before was there such a customs frontier. By sea and land, it must have a length of scores of thousands of miles. The inhabitants belong to every stage of civilization and have every variety of climate and condition known to the world. In one place a certain commodity may be taxable, in another untaxable. To manage that vast frontier and multitudinous sets of customs duties, it would be necessary to create a huge bureaucracy, greater than any one of the swollen bureaucracies under which we are said to be groaning. In many small islands the cost of collection would swallow up most of, if not all, the receipts. It would surely be better to begin by separate arrangements with some of our more important dominions than attempt such a gigantic effort.

AGAIN, Chamberlain's plan forgot the farmer and forgot India; the same oblivion attaches to Lord Beaverbrook's plan. Obviously, the English farmer would not benefit from a great influx of Canadian wheat, nor by food stuffs from Australia and other dominions. As for India, fifty years ago it might have been possible to bring her in, but now that it is the fashion to encourage her 'intellectuals' (the most bigoted protectionists in the world) to play at ruling, the thing is manifestly impossible. A minor matter is Ireland. When the Free State will not even submit to the Privy Council; when it roots out any device of coin or flag, even the very language, if it were possible,—anything that reminds it of England,—it is hardly probable that such a country would make any sacrifice for the Empire.

These facts make against Lord Beaverbrook's hope of 'a reasonable response' from the dominions. But, of course, he has chiefly in mind Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. Here is hopeful ground, and here, to some extent, we have reciprocal preference. We may look for great results if patience and tact be used. Australia and New Zealand, in particular, are splendid customers, and they and the other two might indefinitely increase their imports and exports to us.

But Lord Beaverbrook has not convinced us that they want the same thing we want. We should like our manufactures to go into the dominions untaxed. Does Lord Beaverbrook affirm that they desire this? Would not such a proceeding destroy nearly all the manufactures

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which give a comfortable livelihood to their large town population? He must know that both answers will be unfavorable to us. The colonial politicians desire, as he says, a tariff on foreign goods; they have got it, but they desire an almost equally high tariff on British goods, and this also they have got.

RECENTLY Bradford has been complaining of the high Australian tariff, and suggesting a modification. Now we have the 'reasonable response.' The *Textile Journal of Australia* remarks: 'Bradford cannot compete with the manufacturers of France, Italy, and Germany. She has lost her supremacy as a woolen manufacturer, and, instead of attempting to regain her home market, is making a futile effort to fall back on Australia. With any lessening of our tariff her cheap-labor-made goods would unfairly compete with those of Australian manufacturers, who are paying wages compatible with our standard of living.'

Indeed, the only fault of the tariff is that it is a tariff, and not complete prohibition. We read: 'Australia has developed her textile industry on sound, scientific commercial principles. If she has erred from a tariff viewpoint, it has been on the side of leniency in allowing the importation of materials on which she should have placed an embargo instead of a duty.' It is obvious that free trade in English goods would not be a popular cry in Australia; indeed, Australia is now elaborating what amounts to a prohibition duty on certain British goods.

Nor is Canada a more likely field. It must be remembered that, year by year, considerably fewer than half, sometimes only one-third, of the immigrants come from the British Isles. Russians and Finns will not be enthusiasts for imperial projects. And, as all know, fully a quarter of the population is French, and has a point of view very different from ours.

Further, in pursuing one set of imperial interests, it is important not to neglect others. To restrict foreign goods, to curtail exports to the foreigner, and to replace them by exactly the same amount of dominion trade, would not be of the slightest material benefit to Great Britain. Surely, we want all the trade we can get. Lord Beaverbrook refers to the Argentine. In that country we have built up enormous imperial interests. In railways alone we have sunk hundreds of millions of capital. These provide a brisk demand for our goods. We send more goods to the Argentine than to New Zealand, and the market is capable of great expansion.

It would not be desirable to curtail our exports, to shut out Argentine food stuffs, and to impoverish the British railways. Let our trade with the dominions grow from more to more, but let our trade with South America also increase. If we do not want it, the United States is ready to take the whole of it off our hands. Indeed, the two depend

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largely on one another. If the United States beats us hollow in South America, she will, with the capital thus accumulated, make similar way in our dominions and drive us out of the markets there.

The trade of the world is an infinitely complicated machine, or rather organism, and it is not to be forced in or out of channels by arbitrary legislation. We have in our Empire bonds of kindred blood and interests, but there is also a bond of humanity. Nature has provided infinite variety of men and commodities, and the whole human family is engaged in supplying the wants of its various members.

Lord Beaverbrook tells us that ninety per cent of the beef consumed in Great Britain comes from the Argentine, and he wishes Australia to have its share. He admits the Australian quality must be improved, 'but naturally there is not going to be any improvement in quality until the Australians can find a market.' Surely, this is beginning at the wrong end. Danish butter and bacon did not improve because it found a market. The stuff found a market because it was good. Let Australia send better beef and it, too, will find a ready market.

IT IS, therefore, difficult to believe that Lord Beaverbrook's methods, as now put forward, are practicable. But almost all his critics agree in approving his aims.

In the first place, there seems to be a practically general agreement that taxes on food must be ruled out. Whatever their intrinsic merits or defects, the Conservative Party has discovered, in 1906 and 1923 at least, that they afford very bad electioneering material. Mr. Churchill stated, at the end of 1924, that the Government intended to give effect to the policy of imperial preference without the imposition of taxes on food. This being the case, there is no possibility of such taxes being proposed by either of the two parties, and that part of Lord Beaverbrook's scheme falls to the ground. And the only substantial inducement to submitting to a tax upon wheat is the possibility of getting Australia and Canada to admit our manufactures free. Everyone knows that such a possibility is not only remote; it does not exist.

The truth is that there is little difficulty in disposing of wheat, food stuffs, and most raw materials. The development of manufactures in almost all countries has created an incessant demand, but the pressing difficulty is to dispose of the manufactured goods. So efficient now is machinery that all industrial nations are faced with the problems of huge stocks and the urgent necessity of finding a market for them. Hence high tariffs, dumping, bounties, subsidies. The problem that faces the various members of our Empire is not the same. The more important dominions desire to reserve their home market for their own manufactured goods, and also to export their food stuffs and raw material freely. This is also the case with India. Great Britain has little raw

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material to export, except coal, and while her market is free to the goods of all nations, it is vitally necessary for her to maintain her export trade to the whole world. The two main prepossessions which must be banished are, first, the idea that any of the dominions, including India, will admit our manufactured goods without duty, and, secondly, that we can profitably relinquish our export trade to any foreign country. The above considerations make any rigid system of tariffs impossible.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S proposals have met with a good reception because his good will is recognized; it is felt to be necessary that the question should be mooted. The spirit of the time is having its effect upon the Labor Government, which announces the speedy holding of an economic conference; this should make things plain which are not now clear. It is an inadmissible inference that Mr. Baldwin has adopted the scheme; he has merely expressed approval of Lord Beaverbrook's good will, and his purely tentative suggestions are, as Bacon would say, light-giving, not fruit-bearing.

Mr. Baldwin, like everyone else, sees the serious position of our trade, and believes that in the dominions there is most room for expansion. He says, 'Our percentage of trade with Europe—our exports—is less than before the War. The great market of the United States is more and more hedged in by tariffs as the years go by. The only expanding markets in the world, the only markets in whose expansion we may take part without fighting to rob someone else of their share, lie in the Empire, and the Empire of the New World.' It is here that the economic conference will be useful. The dominion statesmen will be able to put forward their views and we can discover what prospects there are of mutual concessions. Mutual preference is the most hopeful means of expanding trade. But it must not be supposed that herein lies an El Dorado. Food taxes being ruled out, there is only a limited number of articles upon which we can grant preference, and Canada does not come into the argument at all. Fruit, wine, tobacco, and sugar are the principal items, which interest mainly South Africa and Australia. The tea duty was recklessly thrown away by the Conservative Government. We cannot, therefore, offer the dominions very much and they will not offer us very much, for they fear to lower their tariff wall appreciably lest our goods should leap over it. But the whole subject of our economic relations requires careful attention. There is the question of migration. A large migration from our country would tend to expand markets, but this can only be slow and gradual. Apart from Canada, the dominions do not greatly favor migration. The main preoccupation of their rulers is the prosperity, the high standard of living of their people, and superabundance of population and cheap goods tend to impair it.

The late Mr. Seddon, the celebrated New Zealand premier, had

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come from St. Helens in Lancashire, and the poverty which he had there witnessed in his youth had made so deep an impression upon him that he resolved that such a spectre should be forever shut out of New Zealand. At the time of the Chamberlain controversy Campbell-Bannerman had stated that thirteen million people in England were ever 'on the verge of hunger.' It is not strange that the dominions do not wish to have the evils of the old country imported into the new.

THUS neither trade nor migration can at the moment provide any great results. There is no artificial means of forcing them. Wide schemes are for the future rather than the present. Nobody could be more favorable than the House of Lords to any sound imperial project, and Lord Beaverbrook deserves credit for bringing his scheme before such a tribunal.

But a great deal of spade work is required. In one respect the initiative ought to come from the mother country and her Government. Parties must cease to compete with one another as to which shall spend the largest amount of public money. Our industry is bled at every pore by onerous taxation; it is that, far more than any system of protective tariffs, which hinders us from competing with our trade rivals. If we put the drag upon this ruinous extravagance, we shall be in a position to meet the dominions in conference, and, if they put forward any mutually beneficial plans, to take advantage of them. But if all England, Scotland, and Wales are to be Poplarized, we must be prepared to see trade's proud empire hasten to decay.

It is time for our politicians to desist from the policy of attempting to bribe the electorate. The person who is fed on doles from his school days to his grave will never be an imperial citizen. Mr. Baldwin says, 'Our progress depends upon our capacity to visualize the Empire, dominions and colonies alike, as one eternal and indestructible unit for production, consumption, and the maintenance of all who, under Providence, are dwellers within the confines of our Commonwealth.' But there will be no progress if the dwellers are encouraged to look for maintenance out of the rates and taxes. Retrenchment and reform are needed. We must meet the representatives of the dominions with our own house in order, and then we shall be fitted for the discussion of projects for increasing the trade of the Empire. Large and sweeping changes will be found impracticable, but we shall have the humbler and more useful task of devising mutual concessions, and means by which markets may be enlarged and liberated, not restricted. That Lord Beaverbrook has initiated and encouraged such an examination is a step in advance, and the general state of public opinion is now favorable for an effort which will promote a good understanding and lead to the development of the wealth of our Empire.

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RUSSIA AT HOME AND ABROAD

By Two Moscow Correspondents

I. The Peasants and the Five-Year Plan

By Wilm Stein

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

EVEN THE RUSSIAN PEASANT becomes intractable when he has nothing to eat—even the Communist dictatorship can maintain the support of the working masses only so long as it can give them bread. For it is the peasant who controls the country's supply of bread and through this indirect power of his he has been able to influence the development and the tempo of the Russian Revolution. He has repeatedly brought a decisive influence to bear on the process of socialization; he has reduced many theorizers to absurdity and has forced the revolutionary leaders in the cities to revise their plans and tactics fundamentally.

Lack of bread and visions of famine brought to an end the period of War Communism and ushered in the New Economic Policy, and the abandonment of this policy in 1927 and the anti-peasant crusade that followed have together made it more and more clear that the peasant controls the balance of power. Grain exports declined and in 1928 special measures had to be taken to feed the cities. A régime of rations and bread cards had to be introduced.

At that time the Communist Party unanimously agreed that the moment for the socialization of agriculture and the revolutionizing of the village had arrived and that the only remaining problem was one of ways, means, and tactics. Many Communist economists and theorists believed the doctrine of Lenin, who asserted that it would take generations to alter the peasants' psychology and habits, and that this revolution could only be achieved by the extensive introduction of new technique and by electrification. But Stalin and the majority group in the party preferred to take the more radical course on this occasion as on all others. 'Now for the villages!' 'Away with the rich peasants!' Those were their slogans and they at once conjured up, at terrific expense, great agricultural experiments, whose aim was to ensure the cities a larger, more dependable food supply. Heavy taxes were levied on private businesses, but collective enterprises were granted easy credit, and every mechanical asset was put at their disposition.

All this was part of the famous Five-Year Plan of Economic De-

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velopment, which not only includes an industrial programme but a programme for the socialization of agriculture which is being pursued at a terrific rate of speed and which involves the exploitation of 20,000,000 hectares of collectively operated farms and the use of 120,000 tractors. The opposition group doubts whether the industrial and agricultural plans can be worked out together on a mutually dependent basis, for certain statistics having to do with import and export trade do not fit in with these schemes. Both the rate and the cost of production are impossibly high, and if the two plans are worked out together the danger of famine is immeasurably increased. The opposition group also asserts that the forced socialization will antagonize the peasants and reduce their production, for these peasants want their tractors and machinery first and the collective policy afterward.

In the first few months, however, the peasants have upset all calculations, and even the most hopeful estimates have already been surpassed. The plan contemplated that 22,000,000 hectares of land should be collectively operated within the course of the next five years, whereas at the present time, within a period of only a few months, nearly 30,000,000 hectares are being operated in this way. Almost two hundred districts have gone over to large-scale collective farming, with 40,000 or even 80,000 hectares to each group. Indeed, it may be that by now as many as three hundred districts have adopted the new scheme, for the number is growing every day and, although the original plan was to have broken up 500,000 private farms, already between a million and a million and a quarter of them have dissolved. The movement is assuming the aspects of an avalanche, and peasants are not merely joining collective groups; they are falling all over themselves to participate. At this rate the end of the five-year period will see fifty per cent of Russian agriculture operated on a collective basis, instead of twenty per cent, as had been planned.

DOES this mean a victory for Communist theories? Have the peasants been convinced? Not at all. It is merely a reaction against the grain policy pursued during the past year, a policy of economic pressure and distress, which made everyone want to change his way of living, and the average peasant's reaction is more instinctive than conscious. A great peasant movement is now sweeping aside all the calculations of the Five-Year Plan and is once again determining the economic policies of the Communist régime, which must keep step with the peasants and cannot attempt to stop the avalanche or to lead it gradually along some more peaceful path. Yet, if any such directive force could be exerted, only a man of Stalin's energy would be equal to the task. In his struggle to socialize agriculture there is more at stake than the ideas and theories of his supporters. It is a question of bread. It is not a question of

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spreading undiluted Bolshevism over the whole face of the land; it is not a question of the ultimate victory of socialized industry as embodied in the Five-Year Plan; and it is not a question of any similar victory of the Revolution over the peasant.

The peasant mass collective movement is similar in name only to the sound form of socialized activity that characterized the New Economic Policy. In addition to establishing and developing a natural grain supply on a sound collective basis and in addition to granting the peasants and villagers liberal credit in the form of machinery and seed, the New Economic Policy made socialism popular by raising the standard of living and at the same time increasing the output of grain. In the two years that have passed since the New Economic Policy was abandoned many more collective groups have been organized, but these groups have not been supplied with sufficient support in the form of supplies and machinery, and the harvests have fallen below expectations so that the state now finds its pet idea is costing much more than it yields.

The mass collective movement of last year proved even more unsatisfactory. Grain requisitions during 1929 were so rigorous that the rich peasants, or *kulaks*, were completely ruined in many parts of the country. In this respect the revolution has been responsible for still another catastrophe, for three per cent of the peasants, the village upper class, including 750,000 individual families, have been rendered completely destitute and their property and their families reduced to misery.

THIS condition, together with the fact that the peasants in moderate circumstances were faced with a grain law that seriously endangered their property and their very lives, forced the latter to abandon their independence in order to survive at all, for when the *kulaks* were liquidated the middle-class peasants became the upper class and they now fear a second requisition of grain similar to the one made last year. Hence their eagerness to join the collective groups which are replacing individual farms, for they involve lower taxes, a more peaceful way of life, and a better food supply. But it was a bitter pill for the state to swallow that many of these new collective farmers before joining the collective group slaughtered or sold their cattle and disposed of their goods and spent the money in a few happy days devoted to saying farewell to freedom. For this reason a considerable number of the new collective groups are setting to work without any supplies or any means of production and, furthermore, these people are embittered against a Government that has imposed forced agricultural labor upon them. Naturally, machinery and tractors are lacking. Of the 100,000 tractors which, according to the Five-Year Plan, are supposed to be ready at the

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present moment, only 25,000, according to the most optimistic figures, are in existence, and of these between fifty and sixty per cent are out of order and require thorough repairs. The complaint is also made that incompetent operators are ruining the tractors. As for other forms of agricultural machinery, only eight to thirteen per cent of the amount required is actually in use and the factories which have turned out this machinery have been behindhand in their deliveries ever since October.

But in spite of all these difficulties the collective groups must sow more seed early this year and must produce a harvest that will make up for the loss of what one and one-half million individual farms produced, and all this must be accomplished in spite of the fact that these groups are insufficiently equipped and even hostile toward the powers that be, and hence less eager to work than were the *kulaks* last year. Such is the situation that Stalin's party has created.

This situation will continue throughout this year and the year after and perhaps for even a year beyond that, in other words, until this mad rush to join the collective groups has been stemmed with tractors and agricultural machinery, live stock, seed, and other necessary supplies. When the period of War Communism had played itself out, people said, 'If we can just survive one more year we shall be able to achieve our ends and shall not need to compromise any further with the peasants.' But the Kremlin could not speed the sands of time and something had to be done within a year or collapse would have set in. For that reason Lenin decreed his New Economic Policy. To-day people are saying, 'If the next two or three years can be survived until the Five-Year Plan is fulfilled, no one will need to worry any more.' What kind of decrees, then, are being passed to-day, since it is still impossible to overleap time itself?

THE Kremlin is not giving ground. An assault has been ordered. New laws keep superseding those that have gone before. It is decreed that no one can join a collective group unless he owns some live stock or its equivalent in money. Another demands an immediate eleven per cent extension of farm land, and immediate instruction in the care of cattle is to be provided. Factory workers are to teach the peasants how to run tractors. All superfluous goods are to be exported and as many tractors as possible are to be purchased. American farming experts are to be engaged for teaching purposes. Still other decrees command the mobilization of five thousand trained administrators from central groups. The Komsomols are sending troops and so is the Red Army. A law threatens with imprisonment anyone who is responsible for lowering the quality of manufactured foods. Industrial workers are being fired with the spirit of socialistic competition. Twenty-five thousand skilled laborers are being sent after a brief course of training

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to take charge of collective farming groups. Every village soviet is required to send a telegraphic report every ten days outlining the progress that its collective group is making. In brief, the wave of revolutionary enthusiasm that Stalin's revolutionary words have aroused among the workers is being transmitted to the young people of the villages and in this way the Government is trying to keep its hand on the collective farming movement, offering as much economic assistance as possible, and, where machinery or horses are lacking, providing human labor at least. A typical instance of this kind is to be found in the coöperation of workers' brigades which have been commandeered from factories and sent to these collective groups.

Stalin's opponents, the Communist economists, are shaking their heads and saying that enthusiasm yields no harvest. They have reckoned how much grain is needed and how large the harvest will be and the two figures do not tally. They cannot escape the conclusion that the situation from an economic point of view is extremely critical, but there is much to be said on the other side: the fanatical enthusiasm of the younger generation which Stalin now has on his side has produced amazing results in factories and the reconstruction of industry, results that were entirely unexpected. This does not mean that Russia has found a sure way out of a tight situation. Hard times are ahead and the revolution of the village will not be easily achieved, for the question of bread remains paramount. The peasants seem to hold the best cards in their hands, but Stalin is a player whose nerves are perhaps stronger than theirs.

II. The New Foreign Policy

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE stricken director of Soviet Russia's foreign policy is lying ill in his private quarters at the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. In no other country would it be possible for the foreign minister to receive a leave of absence lasting for over two years, but it is hard to generalize about such matters. The shining lights of Soviet diplomacy who so often used to astound the entire world have vanished. Trotski and Rakovski are in exile. Krassin and Joffe are dead and still others are suspected of belonging to the opposition or, in any case, do not enjoy the complete confidence of the party now in command. For that reason, the choice of a foreign minister is difficult and, moreover, it is not an imperative necessity. New rumors keep buzzing through certain political corridors in Moscow or through that limited circle of experts and foreigners who take a real interest in Russia's relations to the outer world, but by and large

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the problems of foreign relations arouse only slight interest among the country's political leaders. They have other cares on their minds.

Soviet foreign policy up to about a year ago was trying to accomplish two tasks. The first was purely political and diplomatic, to wit, the prevention of any general alliance of the bourgeois world against the proletarian dictatorship and at the same time an active participation in European diplomacy to prevent any abortive attempts on the part of other Powers to enter into such a coalition. The second aim of Russian foreign policy was of an economic order and possessed even more importance. It had to do with the cultivation of economic relations abroad and its ultimate purpose was to obtain a big foreign loan. Soviet diplomacy bent all its energies to attain these two ends. It shattered Poland's efforts to form a League of Baltic Nations. It anxiously observed Germany's drift toward Western Europe and made every effort to establish moral and political connections with America in order to attract the eventual coöperation of that mighty power, for at that time Soviet foreign policy was dominated by the idea that the United States was the political and economic ruler of the world, the one country whose money market could provide the huge amount of capital Russia needed.

BUT the victory of the so-called Stalin line in domestic politics over the right-wing opposition of Rykov and Bukharin altered the whole situation fundamentally. The theory that an attack from abroad was constantly threatening collapsed along with the right-wing opposition and the present Communist doctrine is that the period of stabilized capitalism has come to an end. It is true, of course, that the same doctrine was being preached in 1925, but to-day organized Communist thought is convinced that the present world economic crisis is more profound. A new burst of world revolutionary enthusiasm is expected, together with a crisis that will not only bring about class warfare in various countries but that will also turn the different world powers against each other. For this reason, the practical danger of an anti-Soviet coalition has evaporated.

Much more serious than this change is the change in the economic aims of the present government. In this field Stalin's victory has brought about a completely new situation, especially in the practical development of the conflict between Russia and England. The great Five-Year Plan has been set in motion, and since no great amount of financial credit is available, the men responsible for Soviet economic policy have resigned themselves to getting along without foreign aid. For the Five-Year Plan was evolved without counting on any foreign credit at all and the men responsible for it even go so far as to assert that foreign credit is not only unnecessary but that it may exercise a disastrous influence

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on the entire economic structure of the country. They believe that, at best, Russia is only able to assimilate a small amount of foreign capital by gradual degrees and this doctrine is not only supported by that element in the Russian working class which stands unreservedly behind the Communist Party but it is also the firm conviction of the most influential political group in the country. These circles look upon foreign loans as a handicap and what they want is for Russia to build herself up with her own resources rather than pay large sums for foreign financial aid.

The conflict with Great Britain has also led the outstanding Soviet statesmen to the conviction that the goods which they need to buy on credit can be procured whether or not diplomatic relations are maintained, for even when the feeling between the two countries was most bitter, goods purchased on credit from England continued to flow into Russia in greater and greater quantities. Furthermore, the very nations that maintain no official connections with the Soviet Union keep offering to extend credit and Moscow recognizes that the development of this credit has little to do with diplomatic relationships but depends chiefly on the condition of world markets. Experience also demonstrated that it was futile to accept a guarantee for goods on credit in preference to accepting financial credit. The guarantees of this kind that Germany extended to Russia showed how difficult it was to make use of such credit and above all this experience demonstrated to the Soviets that such credit was unorganic, that it compelled them to take the goods they got rather than the goods they needed. Moreover, this form of credit hampered Soviet economy in its freedom of movement. But even more determined than the opposition to this policy is the new opposition that has been developed toward accepting any financial credit, and especially toward accepting any loans.

THE Russian Revolution has entered upon a period in which it is acting more self-consciously than ever before. This is a spiritual reaction to its previous abnormal interest in the outer world, a reaction arising from disillusion. Soviet diplomacy has long since given up its adroit struggle for recognition through the channels of propaganda and diplomacy. Russia is now convinced that any foreign loan represents the greatest possible danger to the Government, a greater danger than hostile bayonets or than any diplomatic or spiritual intervention on the part of the bourgeois world. Now that the Soviet state has begun affirming and emphasizing its revolutionary purposes with frank enthusiasm, now that it is bending all its energies toward achieving the Socialistic ideal, its people are less and less inclined to make their domestic political situation dependent in any way on the support of their bourgeois neighbors.

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Soon after diplomatic relations with England had been broken off during the summer of 1927, Rykov, who was then at the height of his political influence, discussed the new international position of the Soviet Union at a plenary session of the Moscow party council. He said, among other things, 'You know that every serious change in foreign politics, such as we are living through now, is accompanied by great distress and readjustment in the economic sphere. Usually the first aspect of this change takes the form of a decline in interest rates and in the stock exchange and similar indications of economic disorder. The exchanges in Paris and Berlin, for instance, are reacting sharply to the changed international position of France and Germany. Nothing similar is afflicting our economic position at the present time.'

To-day this mutual dependence of finance and politics is more generally recognized. In determining its domestic policy, the Soviet Government considered first of all the amount of money lent by American and European banks to Soviet enterprises, for unless that amount of money was small, it would have been impossible for sudden domestic changes to be introduced such as we have been witnessing. Class war could not have been let loose all over the country nor whole groups of the population consigned to destruction; for every incident, from the most insignificant peasant revolt to the most extensive persecution of the rich peasants, every vital change, would have involved a decline in the value of Soviet securities, and, if that decline ran into millions, the whole economic system of the country would have been threatened with disorganization. Moscow has recognized, therefore, that if it were to borrow money, it would have to give up the radical course it has taken and that in turn would have meant abandoning all hope of carrying Bolshevist policy through to victory.

PERHAPS this thought has long been at work in the unconscious minds of the Communist leaders but the period of active search for credit, the period when Sokolnikov, the present ambassador to London, was people's commissar for finance and was working with Scheinman, the president of the State Bank, to maintain the *chervonetz* on the foreign exchange, has long gone by. His effort to tie up the Russian monetary system with the world monetary system was suddenly abandoned and the chervonetz has been definitely transformed into a purely domestic form of currency. This was the logical point of departure for the whole present economic policy of the country and it also had much to do with the country's present foreign policy. In the Foreign Office, however, Russia's refusal to seek credit abroad has been very tactfully formulated: 'We are no longer seeking foreign loans, but if we were offered small loans to run for a long term at a low rate of interest we might consider them.' This means, perhaps, that the Soviet Union may have recourse

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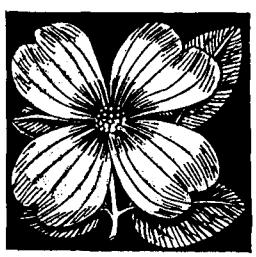
to comparatively small amounts of bank credit abroad, but that it is by no means prepared to take up a great foreign loan, even if such a loan were offered. With the announcement of this policy the hope of any adjustment of the pre-War obligations of the Tsarist government falls to pieces. For such an adjustment would have to precede the granting of a new loan.

Russia's renunciation of foreign credit alters her whole foreign policy. Consideration of foreign countries is no longer necessary. Even in 1925, when the Soviet Government announced, 'We will pay nothing for recognition,' it was prepared to make an exception in the case of America. At that time Russia had high hopes of the fruitful uses that might be made of the dollar and it was believed that this capitalistic form of money could nourish socialist economics, which, after all, are the most effective means of promoting the high ideals of the Russian Revolution. But experience revealed that when the dollar entered Russia it dug the grave of socialism and, for that reason, the Bolshevists ceased worshiping America, a state of mind that was reflected recently in the brusque retort to America's interference in the Russo-Chinese conflict, a retort that could not possibly have been given a year or more ago, when so much was being made of Russian-American interests in China. Admiration for America's economic system still abides, but it is based on other foundations and has nothing to do with considerations of foreign policy.



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ENGLAND AND GERMANY

The Eulogy of a Former Foe

By Dr. G. P. Gooch

From *The Observer*, London Independent Weekly

THE SUBJECT OF THIS ARTICLE is a new book on British policy toward Germany, *Der Geist der Englischen Politik und das Gespenst der Einkreisung Deutschlands*, by Hermann Kantorowicz, which is published by the Ernst Rowohlt Verlag, Berlin. An English translation is said to be under way.

PROFESSOR KANTOROWICZ has written a very striking and very controversial book, which is likely to please English readers as much as it will repel many of his countrymen. No such resounding tribute to our national character and recent policy has been paid by a foreigner of such distinction for a very long time, and no more stinging rebuke of the policy of Germany has been administered by any critic from abroad. The author, who has made many friends during his visits to England, is one of the most fearless of European scholars; for even to-day it requires some courage to shout aloud that Germany's interpretation of British policy was radically false and that her own orientation was in consequence utterly disastrous. He bases his slashing indictment on his reading of our character and on the whole mass of evidence relating to the years before the War; and champions of the old régime will be forced to reckon with a work distinguished by wide learning, argumentative power, and passionate conviction.

THE volume, as the title implies, falls into two parts, the first and longer of which is devoted to an elaborate analysis of our national virtues. A review of the opinions expressed by distinguished Germans from Goethe onward is followed by lengthy chapters on 'Chivalry,' 'Objectivity,' 'Humanity,' and 'Irrationality,' which the author believes to be our leading characteristics. The ideal Englishman, we are rightly reminded, is the gentleman—the modernized equivalent of the mediæval knight. Chivalry, he claims, begins where the mere fulfillment of duty leaves off; for it is a grace of the spirit, a flowering of personality. This engaging quality he finds in our conception of fair play, which extends from the world of sport over the whole field of politics and social

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life, and softens the asperities of our bitterest controversies. Our 'objectivity,' which is the expression of our cooler blood, is illustrated by many tests, the most exacting of which is the readiness to try the conduct of our statesmen in international affairs by the highest of standards, to blame them when we believe them to be doing wrong, and to testify boldly to the strength of an opponent's case.

The chapter on 'Humanity' contains the compliments which to most English readers will be the most welcome in the book. It is defined as the sentiment of benevolence for all mankind. Throughout the volume the author is dealing with modern democratic England alone, for he is well aware that our milder laws and manners are of relatively recent date. We are reminded of some of the movements grouped together under the title of the defense of the weak, such as the prevention of cruelty to animals, the suppression of slavery, the welcome of exiles, the championship of oppressed races, the campaign against war. Professor Kantorowicz knows the other side of the picture too well to omit it, and like a skillful advocate looks his difficulties in the face. He examines what he calls the seven chief sins of British policy—Ireland, India, the seizure of the Danish Fleet in 1807, the Opium War, Egypt, the Boer War, and the Hunger Blockade. 'England,' he writes at the conclusion of his survey, 'is far from being guilty of all the sins attributed to her; but of some she is guilty, and they are bad enough. She has, however, repented, she has confessed, she has done her best to make amends. She should therefore be forgiven, especially by those who have sins no less grave to their account, but who regret nothing and have no desire to make amends, but continue to laud them as the glories of their history while in the same breath they cast stones at England.' The fourth and closing chapter of this psychological study, entitled 'Irrationality,' is a commentary on the dictum of Frederick the Great: 'What is England's system? She has none.' We are, indeed, inveterate empiricists, moving forward with the help of instinct and the call of the hour rather than by deep-laid plans for a long-range policy in an unknown future.

HAVING cited enough witnesses to our merits to bring blushes to our cheeks, the Professor proceeds to the second and more controversial of his tasks, and in a chapter of over a hundred pages grapples boldly with the 'legend' of the *Einkreisung*, the encirclement of Germany. The two parts of the book are inseparably connected in the thread of his argument. For the cumulative effect of the detailed analysis of our national character is to suggest that we possess decency of feeling, cool judgment, and disinterested benevolence in a degree not generally found in continental Europe, and which in combination render the notion of a Machiavellian conspiracy to isolate or overthrow a commercial rival frankly ridiculous. He speaks with withering scorn

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of the legend of encirclement 'deliberately invented by Holstein and Bülow' for the German Government's own purposes of propaganda. It is a grave charge, but it is driven home by a long series of unambiguous quotations. The villains of the piece are the reckless Kaiser, the slippery Bülow, the ruthless Tirpitz, and the half-crazy Holstein. England, he rightly declares, never dreamed of attacking Germany, which would have been equally contrary to her character and her interests. After the South African War we had all that we wanted, if not more; why, then, should we desire to fall on any other Power? When Russia and France had become allies the vital interest of Germany was to retain our confidence, and had she done so no coalition could have seriously menaced her safety.

In an evil hour for herself and the world Germany built a mighty fleet, 'which created the danger it was supposed to avert.' The author wrings his hands over the tragic folly of this irreparable blunder, which could not fail to stampede England into the arms of France and Russia. Tirpitz, in his opinion, was quite prepared to use his ships in due course, and a naval struggle with England figured in the programme of the Pan-Germans and certain soldiers and sailors. The Kaiser, on the other hand, for all his extravagant and contemptible outbursts against us, never wished for a war, while Bülow neither desired war nor feared attack. The Professor is filled with angry contempt for the muddlers who misruled and misled the German people; but he never suggests for a moment that they deliberately planned and launched a war for the mastery of the world. This preposterous notion, which was once an article of faith in Entente countries and still lingers on in uninformed circles, is as baseless as the legend that we engineered a coalition for the destruction of a rival. The author's charge is less grave, yet serious enough—that the German pilots steered the ship into the rapids, though a safe alternative course was open to them, and despite the reiterated warnings of experienced mariners.

IF THE author stood alone in his interpretation of Anglo-German relations before the War, he might be dismissed as an embittered scold. But he does not stand alone. There are no more arresting pages in this spirited work than those which record the solemn assurances of Count Metternich that England was bent on peace, and that the naval policy of Germany was frightening us into suspicion and enmity. If the book may be said to have a hero, it is the quiet and modest ambassador who fearlessly reported what he saw, and refused to sell his conscience for the favors of his sovereign. Marschall, his successor, though no lover of England, realized during his brief sojourn in Carlton House Terrace that England was indeed pacific, and Lichnowsky, as we all know, broke his heart over the results of ignoring his advice. Kühlmann's

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reports differed in no respect from those of his chiefs, and only Captain Widenmann, the naval attaché, sent Tirpitz the inflammatory messages which he was expected to provide. Bethmann and Kiderlen alike believed that we had no evil intentions against Germany, and they detested the Tirpitz policy; but they came too late to undo the mischief wrought by the long rule of Bülow, who had utilized, and indeed encouraged, the hostility to England to secure support for the building of the big fleet, on which his master had set his heart.

The subject of this book is British policy and its misinterpretation, deliberate and otherwise, by the German people; but the attitude of France and Russia cannot be altogether neglected. In the author's view neither country had the desire or intention to attack Germany, and he finds no word in the *Grosse Politik* or the revelations of the Bolsheviks to suggest such a danger. He is, of course, right in arguing that France wished for peace and that Russia was still too weak from the Japanese war to dream of attacking her formidable neighbor. Yet there was a real psychological difference between Great Britain, who was completely satisfied with the status quo, and her diplomatic partners, who were most emphatically not. The Professor argues that the Triple Entente was of loose texture, and that in any case we should never have encouraged or joined in an aggressive war. Yet some of his readers may feel that he does not sufficiently emphasize the ambitions and intrigues of Russia in the Near East, which constituted a dangerous threat to the Hapsburg Empire. The policy of Sir Edward Grey was as pacific and loyal as this devoted admirer believes. He never dreamed of attacking or encircling or of encouraging others to attack or encircle Germany; but he was not entirely a free agent, and his excellent intentions were sometimes crossed or thwarted by actions on the part of his diplomatic friends which he disapproved but was unable to prevent. He genuinely wished to restore cordial relations with Berlin, as the author repeatedly assures his readers; but it was not the fault of Germany alone that his aim was not realized. The 'European Anarchy' was too much for him, as it was too much for men of good will beyond the North Sea like Bethmann. We were afraid of Germany, and Germany was afraid of the Triple Entente. Europe was full of combustible material. The Anglo-German tension was only one of the factors which antagonized the two armed groups into which the distracted continent was divided, and which inspired grave apprehensions in both of them. In a word, Germany was in no danger whatever from England; but her position, like that of the other Powers, was in some measure threatened by the deep-seated insecurity of which she was not only part author but part victim. If this challenging volume convinces its readers, both German and English, of the desperate need for two great nations to understand one another, it will not have been written in vain.

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CROWN PRINCE OR DUCE?

Italy's Dilemma

By a Rome Correspondent

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

FASCISM OR MONARCHY? Is Mussolini's star setting and is the star of the House of Savoy in the ascendant? Among the many hundred thousand foreigners who poured into Rome to witness the royal marriage ceremonies a few reflective spirits detected certain manifestations that raised this question in their minds, a question that not only concerns Italy's destiny but that is also being eagerly discussed by the man in the street. To put the situation in a nutshell, Mussolini played second fiddle to the Crown Prince, and, indeed, was reduced to such a minor part that he could hardly be noticed at all. The mighty Duce seemed to be nothing but a mere prime minister.

The student of politics could have wished for no more welcome occasion than this royal wedding to observe the peculiar division and separation of power that exists in Rome and to study how the papal tiara, the royal sceptre, and the bundle of lictors that symbolizes the Fascist Party each played its part. It was more than obvious, for instance, that court etiquette made no attempt to adapt itself to the political powers that be, and the confusion that resulted seemed almost dangerous.

At the head of the bridal procession marched the usual company of foreign military attachés, as well as Italian officers in gaudy uniforms. A dozen gaily caparisoned cuirassiers surrounded the royal coach and behind them came the Knights of the Annunziata, known as the 'King's Cousins,' on foot. This group should have included the prime ministers, from Nitti to Mussolini, but there was a fine touch of political irony in the fact that Nitti was not present since he is in exile, and that Mussolini was not marching with them either. Only Orlando, Salandra, and Bonomi were on hand, all of them leaders of the now vanished opposition, looking as if they had been resurrected from the dead. Bonomi was the premier who eight years ago ordered Fascists to be shot and thus transformed the Black Shirt movement into a revolution.

The reason for Mussolini's absence was that, as head of the Government, he had to inaugurate another part of the ceremony. It was also said that a certain coolness had existed between the court and the Government but that this feeling had vanished by the time the wedding party had entered the church where the ceremony was performed. In any case, Mussolini marched far behind those who had preceded him in power, as if he were merely an inconspicuous but noble guest. He

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came long after Amanullah, who occupied fifth place in the procession directly behind the King of Bulgaria, who in turn was preceded only by the King of Italy, the Crown Prince, and the King of Belgium. However, this exotic, dethroned figure was really occupying only a kind of prince consort's rôle, for he was accompanying the Archduchess of Luxemburg. Could not have Mussolini done at least as well as that? Perhaps, but he did not wish to play any such rôle. Rumor asserted that Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria only accepted the invitation to Rome on the condition that he should be treated as a ruling prince, and this request was acceded to in the position given him in the procession.

SWATHED in a huge green sash and accompanied by his bodyguard, Mussolini cut a modest figure. But when the marriage ceremony itself was at an end and the procession turned to leave, the Duce could not be seen. This disappearance had, however, a quite undramatic explanation, for, as notary to the Crown, he had to await the young couple and perform the civil marriage, and if he had walked behind them he would have arrived too late. Although many interpretations were suggested, the order in which the procession was arranged did not, therefore, indicate that any deep division had occurred in the domestic situation.

During these seven days of extraordinary royal pomp, Mussolini, 'the tyrant,' incorporated the democratic principle. He had no desire to appear before the people; he kept himself discreetly in the background, which was still another exhibition of self-denial on his part. We journalists shall certainly never forget the friendly, good-natured way he received us and the deep sympathy he expressed for the hard work we had to do at the wedding, whereas the crowned heads and the Italian Crown Prince paid no attention to us at all.

When the evening of the great reception came Mussolini was not among the guests. Crowds thronged the banks of the Tiber and the roofs of the houses were thick with people watching the fireworks. In one of the newly built quarters of the city, stood a huge garage with hundreds of people on its roof, and in the dark crowd of unpretentious Roman citizens stood a man who was showing his children the marvelous explosions and displays. He was enjoying their company, enjoying himself more than the invited guests in the capital. This man was Mussolini, and when he was finally recognized all the people on the roof began to cheer. Incidentally, his appearance in this spot offers a significant commentary on what certain newspaper reporters say about the hermetically sealed conditions in which he lives at Rome. The Duce also appeared at the gala performance in the opera wearing an eminently official air as he smilingly watched the guests passing him by and greet-

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ing the young prince instead. Yet the fact remains that he had begged sixty thousand Fascists to pay reverence to the royal pair and had instructed them to appear in civil dress, an unheard-of procedure for the Black Shirts. At the great parade he did not appear as the commander-in-chief of the army but merely as the head of the Government, and so through all the celebrations.

What did all this mean? Was he being made to occupy a position of secondary importance? Hardly, for everyone in Italy, including the noble guests, knew that it was only due to Mussolini that the great wedding was able to be run off so smoothly. The truth is that Mussolini removed himself from the brightly lighted stage of his own free will, that he himself made possible the widespread popular celebrations for the Crown Prince, and that he and no other gave the order to have the royal march played everywhere in preference to the Fascist hymn.

THE only question, therefore, is why the most powerful man in the country took this course, and why for the first time he allowed his 'rivals' to receive such homage.

Now it is well to recall that Mussolini once told Parliament that if the King should demand his withdrawal, he would salute and disappear. Shortly afterward, however, he took an entirely different course when he detected that the will of the people and the will of his political opponents were the same, and that the people were invoking the constitution. With a single motion Mussolini inserted himself between the throne and the constitution and erected the Grand Fascist Council, without whose consent the throne cannot change hands. Before Crown Prince Humbert becomes King the Duce must therefore pass upon his accession. That is the law and with that law Fascism will stand or fall. But who of the initiates who are always gossiping about the tension between the Crown Prince and Mussolini knows whether the young prince is hostile to the Fascists at the present time, and, if he is, whether he will maintain this attitude as he grows older?

One thing only is certain. Some time before these celebrations occurred, Mussolini succumbed to a spirit of tolerance. He is restraining the more radical elements among his followers with an iron fist and that same iron fist still holds, as it has for some years, the key to the government of the country.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

A Flaubert Love Letter

TO FLAUBERT, as to so many other Frenchmen, love of women was no mere youthful emotion but a lifelong passion, and a recently discovered love letter of his written in 1879, seven months before he died, proves that his intentions were ardent to the end. Yet it is only fair to say that not many ladies made his heart beat faster. His first love, Mme. Marie Schlésinger, appears in the pages of his *Éducation Sentimentale*, and his second weakness, Louise Colet, lasted a brief eight years, from 1846 to 1854. It has been said that the third love in a man's life is the greatest—the first having had the appeal of novelty, the second representing a reaction or rebound from the first, and the third embodying the heart's desire. If this is true, Flaubert cannot be said to have attained amorous maturity until 1859, when, at the age of thirty-eight, he was introduced to the salon of Mme. Jeanne de Tourbey, the Countess of Loynes. To her house came all the most brilliant Parisians of the time and by 1863 it was said that the only way to reach the French Academy was through her portals. Alexandre Dumas, Renan, Taine, Gautier, Mistral, Sainte-Beuve, and the Goncourt brothers used to call regularly, for the presiding hostess was highly intelligent and, needless to say, beautiful to a degree. It was perhaps this latter attribute of hers that prompted Flaubert to thank her in a dedication to *Salammbô* for having inspired that work.

But after the Franco-Prussian War the salon underwent a sad change—and Flaubert with it. Death and exile had taken a certain toll and most of the survivors were bowed down with sorrow. Flaubert rarely visited Paris, but in October, 1879, he sent some passages from his posthumously published *Bouvard et Pécuchet* to his adored Countess. She was forty-two at the time and still easy to look at—he fifty-eight and on the verge of death. Here is what he wrote:—

Croisset, par Deville,
Seine-Inférieure.
Wednesday evening, October 8.

How long a time it is since I have heard you spoken of, my dear beauty, my true friend.

First of all, how is your *disposition?* For health only comes afterward. Are you still at the Bois de Boulogne? Or is your summer over? This evening the rain falls. The beautiful days are finished!

Mine disappeared long ago! Do you know the only *good* that fate has bestowed on me this year? Well, frankly, it was the morning I had luncheon in the Parc des Princes during the summer month of June. What eyes! How pretty you were! And for two hours I loved you as wildly as if I were eighteen years old. Moreover, I love you still, adorable creature that you are.

I have tried to find for you (in accordance with your orders) a house in the suburbs. But up to the present time it has been impossible to find one worthy of your graces.

When shall we see each other again? I am again going to pass this whole winter at Croisset in order to finish my interminable old book more rapidly. But perhaps from the month of April onward I might spend a whole year in Paris without moving. Then we shall make up for lost time! We shall see each other—*hein?* Provided

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there are not too many bourgeois people at your house, too many gentlemen.

My life is flat and sad. But in regard to my business affairs things are going better.

Your friend is tired of writing. But you do not have to work so hard, write me a short letter; you will be very kind.

Within a few days, the *Vie moderne* is going to publish an old bear of mine.

I kiss your two hands tenderly.

Your old faithful,

GVE. FLAUBERT.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET REVIVES

PARIS, THE CHIEF European centre of the White Russians, has been witnessing an attempt to revive the art that Diaghilev and Pavlova helped to make famous. The prime mover in this renaissance of the ballet is Mme. Vera Nemchinova, who has been fitting herself for the past seven years to carry on the traditions of the old imperial theatre and who has been dancing this winter in a series of representations which have led at least one critic to assert that she has really arrived. André Levinson, who has made a considerable reputation for himself as an appreciator of various foreign literatures, has devoted a long article in *Comœdia* to discussing the latest programme of the Ballets Russes, which includes three numbers of unequal merit —'Le Lac des Cygnes,' 'Aubade,' and 'Islamey.' 'Not all these attempts,' he says, 'have proved equally successful. The new troupe has meekly imitated the old one, even to its most manifest errors, which only the immense prestige of a Diaghilev could persuade us to accept. But this lack of discernment, which is often irritating, is compensated by the noblest desire to do well and by the most sustained efforts, which we should not fail to encourage.'

The success of the evening was the 'Lac des Cygnes,' an abridged version of Chaikovski's famous ballet. Although Mme. Nemchinova never attended the famous Imperial Ballet School in Saint Petersburg she has been able to execute this particular number to perfection since its routine has long since been definitely established. She mastered her art as a member of Diaghilev's company and now she has developed it to an even higher point by herself. 'Aubade,' in which she also appears, is a travesty on one of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*—the story of Diana and Actæon. The choregraphy here is the work of Balanchin, who has devised a series of acrobatic tricks to go with the Mozart accompaniment. 'Islamey,' an Oriental fantasy built around a group of Caucasian themes, does not follow the precedent set by Bakst in his 'Schéhérazade,' where he conveyed an Eastern atmosphere by painting the scenery entirely in colors and not including a single touch of white. M. Levinson also criticizes Mme. Nemchinova for the 'series of crazy pirouettes' executed on one toe while she holds the other in her hand, and one gathers from his criticism that if the Russian ballet is to come all the way back, it must have directors as well as dancers to perpetuate and refresh its traditions.

A NEW INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

THE LONDON *Spectator* hails with the greatest enthusiasm the foundation of a new organization called All Peoples' Association, which plans to devote itself to promoting better international understanding. It is to be known as APA, with the accent on the first syllable, and its vowels are to be pronounced like the two *a*'s in Java. No distinctions of race, creed, class, color, or political party are to be recognized: it is the least exclusive society in the world. The aims of the association are outlined as follows by the *Spectator*:—

> The new movement has no political objective in the narrow sense. It is not connected with the League of Nations, nor does it seek alliances between national states. It has no connection with governments and has no hidden purpose. Its promoters take pains to point out that membership does not conflict with a citizen's duties and alle-

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giance to his own country, for it is recognized that each man must be a good citizen of the land of his birth before he can become a useful member of a world organization. APA does not seek to spread the culture of any subsection of the human race—British, French, German, or American; it is for neither those Latins nor those Anglo-Saxons who may desire to impose their will upon the rest of the world, nor does it advocate the use of any one language.

Readers of THE LIVING AGE should experience a particular thrill to learn that the new society plans to issue a magazine in English, French, German, and Spanish which will discuss international affairs in straightforward fashion. The promoters feel that one of the difficulties of stimulating interest in such matters is that a whole new language of technical terms has arisen at Geneva. The hope is, therefore, to make the average mortal aware of the fascinating realities that lie behind such dull words as 'optant,' 'sanction,' and 'protocol.' Nor do the society's ambitions end here. Branches will be opened in every country to work independently but along parallel lines and the magazine will be controlled by an international editorial board which will include a contributing editor from each nation. The society's motto is 'World Service' and its creed reads as follows:—

> Believing that ignorance of the aims and aspirations of other nations is at the base of much international misunderstanding we pledge ourselves—provided that by so doing we are not asked to do anything conflicting with our duties as loyal citizens of the country of our birth or adoption—to promote by every means in our power a good understanding between the peoples of the world.

The editor of the *Spectator* has been made honorary secretary and anyone interested in the movement is urged to communicate with him in the care of All Peoples' Association, 99 Gower Street, London, W.C. 1, England. The membership fee is ten shillings.

ORESTES UP TO DATE

ERNST KRENEK, the author of *Jonny Spielt Auf*, in which jazz made its début on the operatic stage, has attempted still another musical novelty in the form of a modernized treatment of the tragedy of Orestes. Although the jazz effects in his first effort sounded rather tame to American ears, it must be remembered that the piece was not performed even in Germany until some five years after it was written and Krenek has now moved along so rapidly with his times that he believes that jazz has gone out of style. What he has attempted in his new piece, *Leben des Orest*, is to present the story of the guilt-laden Orestes in terms that are familiar to modern audiences. He preserves the chorus, but has it function like a radio announcer; his war victim of a hero limps about in a sardonic dance to the strains of a mouth harmonica; the tribunal at Athens bears an unmistakable resemblance to the League Council at Geneva. The opera also includes ballads, revolutionary songs, and orgiastic dances, any of which might well appear in an up-to-date musical show. Krenek has explained that he went south, as all good Europeans should do, for his inspiration and that he found it in the warmth of Italian melodies, the color and austerity of Greece, and the bloodthirstiness of Africa. No final judgment can yet be passed on his new work, but all the German critics, both hostile and otherwise, agree that his particular genius resides in his accurate interpretation of the spirit of our times.

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A VISIT TO AMERICA

By Gaston Rageot

Translated from *L'Illustration*, Paris Illustrated Weekly

WHEN I LANDED IN THE United States on October 20th, 1929, I did not know that I was a new Christopher Columbus and that I was about to discover, in the most literal sense of the word, an unknown America, an America unknown even to itself. Everyone who sails for New York receives this advice: 'Take care not to let yourself be shut up during the long customs inspection and don't miss your first view of the city.' I had made, on the fastest steamer in the world, a crossing of less than five days under a cloudless sky and over a smooth sea. On the morning of our arrival I was standing eagerly on the bridge when suddenly a burst of rain, fog, and wind came up, concealing both the Statue of Liberty and the skyscrapers. My heart was wrung by this disappointment, but now I cannot help recognizing that it was a kind of prophetic vision, a sombre symbol announcing in advance the devastating drama I was to witness forty-eight hours later on a continent shaken to its foundations.

America is an easy country to know and a very difficult one to understand. It is easy to know in the sense that its life assumes the collective character which every visitor has remarked upon. There are few nuances, little originality of individuals, little initiative. At two in the morning, when the streets are quite empty, automobiles still obey the red and green lights, and this character of the mass, that gives the country its economic force, also makes for psychological simplicity. Women wear the same dresses, men all hold the same point of view, and everybody moves in crowds.

Yet America remains difficult to understand because these various collective groups in which the individual is lost are numerous and varied, and change with distance and climate, with religion and race, even with fortune. When you see the wooden suburban cottages to which automobile factory workers return from their labors in automobiles, you reflect that the United States has really achieved the socialist way of life and that the good things of this world are shared by everyone, but you also at once recognize that the employer of to-day is the subordinate of yesterday and that his only idea is to distinguish himself and shut himself up in a narrow caste.

LET us get used to the idea that America is a country of contradictions and that it is impossible to make any observation that cannot at once be refuted by a change of surroundings. The fact is that all

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American life rests on a fundamental contradiction. The first Puritans, searching for solitudes in which they could live in liberty according to the dictates of their austere consciences, should have been planted on a hard, ungracious soil that would have imposed on them the kind of work and privation that would have been completely harmonious with their moral and religious ideas. What happened, however, was that they found themselves on the richest, most generous soil, where the least human effort was at once rewarded. They called upon the spirit and it was matter that replied. America was the last thing in the world that the first Americans wanted. How was it possible to reconcile the good things of the earth with divine morality? That was the insoluble problem that the first settlers faced. Nor has this essential difficulty vanished, and the whole moral history of America is summed up in its pathetic search for an impossible yet necessary reconciliation. Protestantism lacks subtlety. It concerns itself little with worship, but reduces everything to morality; in other words, it is obliged to regulate life with a minute and implacable severity. Catholicism is more malleable because it has other appeals to the spirit and can afford to dispense with such rigorous preaching. Yet it has often been remarked that American Catholicism is quite different, perhaps a little too different, from Roman Catholicism. The reason for this is that American Catholicism clearly understood the special rôle it had to play in freeing the timorous consciences of people who had just made their fortunes, for its Jesuit priests have much in common with the world of affairs.

Only one resource lies open to those Americans who obstinately persist in their original faith: they must make business godly. This explains the appearance and development of that astonishing business mysticism, that moral and commercial necessity which has amazed so many observers. It is a kind of sacred imperialism which sees in a successful factory the expression of divine benediction. But if this naïve and bold confusion of spiritual and temporal things led to the justification of trusts and the consecration of the dollar, it could also in the same stroke purify all the customs and the habits of living that go with almost unlimited wealth. Hence the disorder and the apparently fortuitous complications in American morality and legislation, where the employer makes his worker rich but disdains him, where the common people are forbidden the alcohol that rich men drink, where if youth becomes too free its license is merely looked upon as an outburst of comradely sportsmanship, and where illicit love remains a misdemeanor but divorce has become the order of the day.

It was through these complications and embarrassments that America remained the most sympathetic and, as it likes to say, the most human of nations. The country thrashed out all its problems in debates, sought eagerly for the path it should pursue, held manifestations that

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were sometimes a trifle hypocritical, but always retained an attitude of anxiety and devotion to moral ideals. However, material forces exercise absolute sovereignty over mankind and the soil of America would have Americanized any race. No morality and no religion can resist prosperity, and the descendants of the pioneers, in spite of certain superficial appearances that they have preserved from their past, have long since reduced their conception of life to a mere process of production and consumption. Business has prevailed and the only thing left to do was to find some way of making it holy.

Then came the War. Sentiment, politics, and self-interest threw America into a final contradiction. She had to break her traditional isolation, mingle in the affairs of the world, and dominate them. But as she learned more about Europe she took the measure of the pettiness of the Old World and a new feeling, based on natural pride and generally known as imperialism, intoxicated these conquerors, these men who had won the peace but not the War. Love of power triumphed over the essential pacificism that the United States used to preach, and expressed itself in wars of conquest like the Spanish American war of 1898 and in the annexation of the island of Samoa in 1899. Protectionism, the economic expression of nationalism, dates back to 1890 and this policy led America not only to mingle in the world but to attempt to annex it. But, above all, the Great War upset the New World just as much as it did the Old World, though in the opposite direction.

BUT now let us move on to the last week of October, 1929. Is the domination of the world such a difficult thing? Rome failed to achieve it, Germany failed to achieve it, and America has just failed, too, and on each occasion how nearly successful these respective powers were! The crash came too soon, perhaps only a few weeks too soon, but for more than a year the building trades, the cotton industry, and the automobile industry had been fluctuating. The fever of speculation had redoubled. No doubt even those in high places were seriously alarmed at the outset, for they were the first to utter appeals to order. For a week Wall Street prices had been gradually declining, and there is little question that if this movement could have kept the same rhythm the disaster could have been avoided and the whole structure of prosperity saved. Where did the powerful attacks come from? Was it from London, where European financiers had been impressed by a speech by Philip Snowden urging them to rebel against the abusive, wearisome sovereignty of Wall Street? Did the first attempts on the part of the Government and the financial leaders to reassure the public actually produce the opposite effect? Did the big bankers start to go at each other's throats, as so often happens at critical junctures? In any case, the American, who is naturally extreme in his reactions and throws himself

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in whichever direction the current is flowing at the moment, encompassed his own ruin and the structure of paper prosperity collapsed within less than a week, swallowing up more capital than any war.

I love and admire the American people, for they possess the most precious and sympathetic qualities of modern humanity: health, élan, faith in success, a kind of chimerical positivism, a mystical dynamic force, and, above all, social sense, the need of discipline, the taste for sport, and, finally, the cult of specialization that makes for organization. The American people are generous and faithful, they love France and Frenchmen and, to a writer like myself, whose sea voyage was at once followed by four days of railroad travel, there could have been no more touching surprise than to see so many hearts open to our influence and so many ears open to our language.

Unfortunately the American is proud, but it is a very touching kind of pride, a collective pride in his country more than pride in himself as an individual, and in this respect he resembles the German. In certain activities like football the American is brutal but in personal business he is delicate and susceptible. In general, we Europeans have difficulty in talking to him because we do not know when to be brutal and when to be delicate. We attack or caress at the wrong time, unless, indeed, we are always caressing, which is actually even worse than a constant attack.

I wish that Frenchmen could grasp thoroughly the new era that is just opening in the United States. From this distance we tend either to exaggerate the results of the October crash or to underestimate them, whereas all that it really amounts to is a pause in the expansion of America.

The truth is that the United States is not so different from Europe as people still say and still believe. Modern life imposes its own rigorous laws and all nations with factories, railways, automobiles, radios, and moving pictures are more or less brothers. But the outstanding character of the present epoch is the predominance of economic forces. In America this predominance has become absolute, whereas in Europe it still remains relative. The whole question, therefore, is whether Europe is going to be Americanized or whether America is going to become European. Up to now the first hypothesis has seemed the most logical, even outside the United States, but since October, 1929, the second is beginning to seem more probable, even within the United States. Let Europe take warning: if she does not quickly take advantage of this respite to assimilate the excellent elements in the American system, if she does not succeed in modernizing production even beyond her own frontiers, she will soon find herself facing a still more powerful America and she will have no time to defend herself. On the other hand, if young America, having perceived that it has taken the wrong road, does not

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quickly borrow from old Europe the most precious elements in a civilization of proven value, it will not recover its wealth. The two continents cannot live without each other.

IN CORRECTING these notes after my return voyage I already feel that the poetry of distance and time has worked its transfiguring effect. It is not only the gigantic visage of New York that I have seen veiled in a tragic mist; I have witnessed human beings in every position of life scorched with a sombre fire or assailed with melancholy. In the big cities, where the tumult of prosperity still made itself heard, crowds were no longer storming the gates of football stadiums but were thronging to the banks. Thus the United States presents a gigantic epitome of the most astounding social episode in human history. Born of a scrupulous conscience in the souls of a few exiles, the Union finally came to express through industry and wealth the acme of materialism. But under such circumstances can men remain human? The Americans believed that they could and the crash has showed them that they could not. Experience itself, therefore, urges a reform of the system that made the most privileged country of the world undergo such an unexpected and dangerous slump.

The present crisis in America can be precisely defined. It was a credit crisis, not because credit was lacking, but because there was too much of it. Up to now it has been America's privilege to be immune from all known laws of economics and this paradoxical condition resulted in certain anomalies. For one thing, America is the richest country in the world, yet it is also the most protectionist. If certain industries need to be maintained artificially in this way, does it not indicate that they cannot submit themselves to the same conditions that prevail elsewhere in the world? And America defends its race no less ardently than it defends its products, for its immigration laws are just as rigorous as its tariffs. What kind of wealth and what kind of population must it have if it is necessary to protect them behind barriers more difficult to overleap than the Wall of China?

Thus America's technical progress has for a long time been able to conceal her inadequate economic organization, in which credit was squandered recklessly. Indeed, it might be said that the Americans have used their machinery as children use firearms, without knowing how dangerous they are. Those quarters of the big American cities that are not covered with an exquisite layer of suburban villas present a strange and tragic aspect. It was on a Chicago elevated train one sunny morning when the snow lay on the ground that I understood that poverty, which is latent in every civilization, had descended in America upon certain inferior races who must live in the most wretched hovels and endure every kind of humiliation, and I found myself wondering

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whether every true democracy, from the Greek republics to the United States, has not been founded on slavery of one form or another. I shall take care not to discuss the serious problem of the negroes at this point, but certain facts are inescapable. The first is that the South, which knows the negroes intimately and knows how to speak their language and give them orders, gets on much better with its blacks than the North, where philanthropy and politics have complicated matters, for if the North has theoretically opened all its doors to its colored citizens, in practice nothing of the sort occurs. Unquestionably, the Southern point of view is going to prevail and this particular problem of the negro will then merge with the larger problem of unskilled labor. Nevertheless, is it not true that the American working-class aristocracy, with its automobiles and its gardens, owes its position to the negro, who has been reduced to the most inferior tasks?

A BIG manufacturer of reinforced concrete, who has built up many whole cities, said to me, 'We Americans don't pay enough attention to the labor unions. Up to now these unions have only endeavored to have salaries raised, for the employers, even in America, are not so eager as they are said to be to raise wages all the time. To-day, however, if the present crisis should become serious enough to threaten our standard of living, revolution would break forth.'

A profound statement. Under its present régime America has continued its prosperity. It has no right to suffer or to be sick, for it possesses health and youth. At present it is paying a high price for necessary experience, but this experience, however long and severe it may be, will bear fruit, for the peril it involved has already been recognized and understood. The specialists and experts, and America has such confidence in experts, have set about their task resolutely and in a straightforward fashion. The present economic system, which in our opinion does not harmonize with modern industrial technique in industry, is being revised. But will this revision of a purely economic nature be able to assure the future? Should we not, perhaps, turn our attention toward the intellectual and moral domain?

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JAPAN IN TRANSITION

By Two Far Eastern Correspondents

I. Impressions of Japan

By Henri Johannot

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

'THAT IS NOT THE WAY the Japanese think.' This was the idea that occurred to me perhaps more often than any other when I attempted to understand this nation. Almost always the answers people would give me when I questioned them were entirely different from what I had expected, for my questions were not phrased in terms that were familiar to them and we would therefore find ourselves moving on two different planes.

Such contrasts were not, however, confined to the way in which we exchanged ideas: our attitudes toward life were even more strikingly at variance. The visitor is struck first of all by the politeness, the urbanity, and the exquisite distinction, not only of the Japanese upper classes, but even of the simplest tradesmen and laborers, and the amount of time wasted in complimentary bowing and scraping seems quite astounding.

Furthermore, one cannot help asking one's self whether these customs do not reveal a fundamentally different conception of time and a different notion of its value. The Japanese lady who spends years studying how to arrange flowers is not wasting time in what we should call a futile enterprise. She is penetrating a peculiar world of profound emotions. She acquires a lifelong intimacy with a mysterious something that I myself do not clearly understand but that is, no doubt, one of the elements that go to make up Japanese charm.

In dress, in architecture, in the arrangement of gardens, and in the decorative arts everything is symbolic and represents some virtue that one should acquire or some evil that one should avoid. Everything is determined by immutable rules, but if the Japanese respects a kind of standardized patron saint his individuality reveals itself in the perfection of detail which he achieves in each separate incident of his daily existence and in the marvelous perfection of his life as a whole.

While I was directing an international encampment at Unzen, the Japanese took great care to explain their old customs to their foreign colleagues. I remember one evening in particular when a band of youthful Japanese appeared out of the black darkness of the night into the luminous circle of one of our campfires clothed in the mediæval garments that the nobility used to wear to battle and to their fencing

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schools. At first their frenzied dancing and deafening cries gave a superficial impression of savage ferocity, but the impeccable rhythm of their motions soon impressed itself on our minds and we recognized that these young Samurai knights were the authentic representatives of a race and a tradition that had been preserved intact for centuries.

THE esteem in which the emperor is held seemed to me to represent something more than a mere attachment to a certain form of political organization, for the veneration the Japanese bestow upon their ancestors, closely linked as it is to their veneration of the emperor, is a form of patriotic consecration, a spiritual communion with the ideals of past generations. The foreigner who passes under the symbolic *torii* arch, so beautiful and elegant in its simplicity, and enters the Shinto temple consecrated to the cult of ancestors and national heroes is at once filled with respect, even though he may not understand the full significance of the place.

The foreigner is also at once struck by the importance that children occupy in the social scheme of things. Nothing is more touching than the attitude of a Japanese father toward his children or the attitude of an older brother toward his younger brothers and sisters. At the Festival of Little Girls all the paternal and maternal sensibility of ancient Japan expresses itself in the celebrated Buddhist rites for dolls that have been broken during the past year. And at the Festival of Little Boys the emblem displayed everywhere is a paper carp, the symbol of energy and courage. 'Resist the stream'—that is one of the ideals that this old tradition endeavors to inculcate in the young generation.

It seems that the greatest source of pride to the Japanese men and women of every age is to have a little youngster fastened to their backs. We must not forget, however, that when the child becomes thirteen or fourteen years old it suddenly falls under the authority of its parents, who reprove any tendency to criticize or any desire for independence that their children may reveal.

Devotion to these customs, rites, and conventions appears in its full force in those of the Japanese who have been educated in Europe or America, for when they return to their native land they combine without any artificiality the most modern ideas and a punctilious observation of their traditional customs. The transition period between these two conditions of life has not yet ended and there are frequent conflicts between past and present culture, but it is evident that a broadly modern Japanese civilization is already in existence and is rapidly developing.

But the Japan I visited was not composed entirely of grace and charm. To me the true Japan is the youth of the country, which is more filled with drama than with poetry. The young Japanese are born

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and grow up in an admirably organized society. Social divisions have been long established, the government enjoys the protection of a large police and military force, while the customs officials and the various censors protect the public from being contaminated with subversive ideas.

If there are numerous young people who accept and approve the present political methods, there remain others who thirst for autonomy and liberty and yearn to revolt. Japan is full of *sous-entendus* and there are a great many things that one only mentions in a low voice.

No less than 99.03 per cent of the children are compelled to attend school, a figure that gives some idea of how well the educational system is organized. Youthful workers are protected by excellent social legislation that is actually enforced. In spite of profound economic crises, the material well-being of the country is increasing. Tokyo and Yokohama, which were devastated by the earthquake and fire of 1923, are blossoming into big modern metropolises. Everyone in the smaller towns and throughout the countryside is learning hygiene. The population is increasing at a fabulous rate.

THESE facts have produced political results and other results still more profound. Japan seems to be a country that appreciates spiritual values, though whether this is due to its attitude toward life and death or its attitude toward ancestors and their descendants it is hard to say. Will Japan become more materialistic as it becomes more modern? Science, up-to-date technique, and foreign clothes are introducing the youth of the country to a world of new values. Is matter triumphing over spirit? The cultivated youth of Japan seems to be in the midst of an intellectual and spiritual crisis and it cannot remain loyal toward all its gods and toward all the ideals that it seems to wish to preserve.

Japanese Christians, whether they are Protestants, Catholics, or members of the Orthodox Church, represent but a small minority of the country, though they enjoy considerable influence. They are respected and often occupy important positions in business, in political, educational, and governmental work, and in the social services. One of their chief preoccupations is to discover how Christianity, a foreign importation, can be adapted to Japanese culture. It is not easy to say as yet how Japanese Christianity will differ from the Christianity that has been imported from America and from Europe. Will it perhaps be more mystical, will it succeed in doing away with the numerous sects and achieving full Christian unity? The young people's Christian unions, 22,000 strong, are trying to answer these questions, and on their findings will depend not only the religious future of Japan but also, to a large measure, the social and political destiny of the country.

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II. Good-Bye to the Geisha Girl

By Professor Leopold Winkler

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Viennese Liberal Daily

MORE intense competition, new habits of thought, and an ever increasing Americanization of daily life, in short, all the anxious, giddy, restless characteristics of the present time are gradually overwhelming the ancient, charming aspects of Japanese civilization. The women of the country and above all the geisha girls are not being spared. It was a wondrous calling these people pursued, an utterly impersonal way of life, devoted entirely to the good pleasure of other people. But the most wonderful aspect of the geisha girl was that she pursued her selfless destiny with infinite grace, devotion, and artistic perfection, and that she incarnated to perfection the classic cult of beauty. For the geisha girl was an artist. Not only did she acquire a rare technical skill, a sure mastery of various instruments and of singing and dancing, but she also played the artist's part in her influence on the æsthetic forms that shaped the daily life of old Japan. She was a priestess in the temple of beauty and a *grande dame* full of culture in the Japanese sense of the word.

At one time geisha girls formed a class set entirely apart. At the age of twelve they entered little obscure houses where they enacted the parts of dolls in performances and learned to play instruments during intermissions. These geisha quarters were idyllic institutions, replete with the true poetry of Japan. From these houses, which were often run by a superannuated geisha girl, the older ones were sent to magnificent big houses and they divided their time between these large establishments and their little doll house of a home. They bestowed their affections on one patron only nor were their favors easily come by; they remained true to their friends as long as the latter kept their part of the compact. Even to-day this is true of the superior geisha girl, but a new element has been introduced in certain establishments that run double concessions, where new girls appear at a late hour when the geishas are in the habit of leaving. The result is that with the passing of the years the élite class of pure artists has steadily dwindled and the long awaited crisis is now acute. A notice has appeared in the newspapers that the geisha society has decided to instruct its members in the art of jazz music, the sober fact behind this piquant novelty being that the geisha girl can no longer earn a living in modern Japan.

How did this happen? Even the young people of Japan no longer have time for the conventional ceremonies. They have no feeling for the idyllic things of life, for moderation and artistic form. They, too, want to live a fast and highly concentrated existence. They want to grasp the whole complex meaning of life every minute they live, and they are

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putting old forms behind them and adapting themselves to cruder pleasures.

THIS light, swift, and restless Japanese youth, freed from the bonds of convention, no longer finds satisfaction in the geisha girl, but prefers the powdered, giggling waitresses in the many restaurants, cafés, and bars in Tokyo. It is in these places that the geisha girl encounters her most serious competition. Hundreds of such resorts, small, shabby, and cheap, are to be found in the Ginza district of Tokyo alone and there are hundreds of others of a lower grade in Asakusa, the red-light district, and similar establishments also exist in Osaka, Kobe, Kyoto, and Nagasaki. They consist of a tiny room with a few chairs and tables, some questionable whiskey, and then the main attraction, four or five girls with whitened faces, wearing light kimonos. The whole place is called a bar, café, or restaurant.

All these establishments have customers, for the students of Tokyo, and there are 300,000 of them in all, frequent them day and night. They sit sipping drinks that certainly do them no good, joking with the girls, and easily succeeding in making dates with them. Coming out of the near-by cinema, they want to experience a touch of exotic romance such as they have seen in the imported American film. They are, of course, aware that the geisha girls are superior in every respect to these girls in the bars, but it costs money to go to a stylish Japanese restaurant and it also consumes valuable time and involves innumerable formalities. Furthermore, many of the girls they meet in these cheap establishments are able to conduct a more amusing and spirited conversation than the geisha girls, who seem like hothouse flowers.

Then there are the dance halls. The first of these were conducted in the guise of clubs, but the police forbade them and arrested the owners, the guests, and the dancing girls. Finally, however, they were allowed to open under almost impossible conditions, but, as they persisted, the regulations became less severe, and now every big city in Japan is full of dance halls. Of course, real ladies do not visit such places, but go instead to the big hotels or to private parties.

In these dance halls there are 'one-dance girls' who are paid by the dance—a new profession for women in Japan. The dance girls are strictly forbidden to associate with the guests between dances. They cannot occupy the same table with them but must sit on the other side of the room, and woe to any of the girls who are seen with any of the guests outside the dance establishment! An army of spies watches them constantly and any offender is mercilessly deprived of her license, warned, and fined. Raids occur from time to time and large groups of people are arrested. Thanks to this rigorous police suppression of all metropolitan pleasures, Tokyo has become a paradise of vice.

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BUT what has happened to the geisha girls? Their society has recently made an announcement stating that they are to be taught Western dances, for they are fighting for their lives and are being overwhelmed by the tremendous competition of the girls who work in bars, cafés, and dance halls, to say nothing of the streetwalkers. Although many influential Japanese patronize the geisha girls, their plight is becoming constantly more acute and their existence more problematical. A certain element in the world of high finance and industry supports the geisha institution, and not from purely business motives, but though the geisha girl does preserve some of her honorable, long-standing tradition her struggle seems to be a hopeless one. She is gradually succumbing.

The geisha girl finds herself, therefore, facing a very difficult dilemma. Shall she adopt the new way of life, or, on the other hand, shall she become still more conservative? The former course would mean that she would have to renounce her unique, quaint position, and the latter would compel her to go in for backwardness for its own sake. Neither possibility assures her existence. Sociological considerations are removing some of the old evils in the life of the geisha girl, though she is still a slave who is sold to the owner of the geisha house for a sum of money, and must pay out this sum if she wishes her freedom. And any man who marries a geisha girl must pay this amount for her. However, in modern Japan most people in the educated classes disapprove of this kind of slavery and the young people, who are often enamored of socialistic ideas, are indignant at the lack of freedom of the geisha girl. Her condition of slavery often makes the geisha a cool, calculating, materialistic person; it also jeopardizes her future, for her best years are soon passed and she must end her days as an obscure musician, or an unimportant piece of stage property.

Many projects have been devised to remedy the situation, but even the most serious suggestions, including the abolishment of the purchase price, are not to be taken too seriously. Then there are others bearing no relation whatever to reality, among them the proposal to send the geisha girls to high school, so that they will be as educated as their patrons, but most of these attempts resemble pouring out the baby with the bath, for the elimination of the purchase price would probably kill the whole geisha institution with a single stroke.

There are 7,840 geisha girls in Tokyo and 79,950 in all Japan. What will become of them? As long as Japanese women lived a purely family life the geisha girl was a social necessity. Will modern progress and the emancipation of modern Japanese women make the geisha superfluous? Will she be able to adapt herself to new times, or will she disappear along with so many of the charming institutions of ancient Japan?

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A BALKAN JOURNEY

By Jan Struther

From the *New Statesman*, London Independent Weekly

COMFORT'S CROWN OF COMFORT is remembering Balkan trains. . . . In other words, you cannot enjoy to the full the luxury of a first-class sleeper from London to Edinburgh until you have traveled, in the middle of a record frost, from Bucharest to Sofia.

We left Bucharest on a Sunday morning by the eight o'clock train, which started at eight thirty-five. The time-table said that we should reach Sofia (less than three hundred miles away) at ten o'clock that night. Our Rumanian friends said that we should probably get stranded at Rustchuk for the night, adding, illogically, that spending a night at Rustchuk was one of the things one simply could not do. ('Brigands?' we asked; but they replied darkly, 'No, not brigands. . . .') The hall porter at our hotel said that we should never get to Sofia at all, and that he hoped to see us back soon. We ourselves said nothing, having already learned that in the Balkans prophecy is useless and patience is the only thing which matters.

The reason for all this speculation was that the recent heavy snowstorms had blocked the lines entirely for several days, and ours was the first train to attempt the journey. For an hour or so we proceeded at a leisurely pace across a plain of incredible flatness and whiteness. 'It's what a tablecloth must look like,' said T., 'to a caterpillar crawling across it.' 'More like Bedfordshire, really,' said A., who has an incorrigible habit of making prosaic comparisons.

We were in the middle of a game of Gibbets—which, like Clumps, Lists, and Anagrams, is an excellent game for long railway journeys—when we heard an ominous rending sound beneath our feet. The train jolted wildly and began to rock. We stood up in the middle of the carriage, wondering which way it was going to turn over. But it didn't turn over; it merely ran off the rails and settled itself down in the snow.

We got out (gasping a little, as usual, at the difference of 80 or 90 degrees between the inside and the outside air) and walked about, taking photographs of torn-up rails and trying to talk Rumanian to our fellow passengers. It seemed that the hard, packed snow had lifted the wheels off the rails; that the Tool To Put Trains Back On To Rails With—that indispensable piece of equipment—was broken; that, since it was a single line, we should have to wait until the next train came from Giurgiu to meet us. It was due in an hour. We smoked, and went on with our Gibbets.

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Four hours later the other train turned up. It, too, had been derailed on the way, but the T.T.P.T.B.O.T.R.W. had not, luckily, been broken. The two trains then exchanged passengers, which took some time, for the snow was rather deep, and one was apt to stumble, luggage and all, into a drift. The contents of the other train consisted almost entirely of peasants, dressed in dyed goatskins and fantastic fur hats, and weighed down with bright bales and bundles. They clambered patiently into our abandoned train, where, for all I know, they may be sitting to this day, with crumpled rails between them and Bucharest.

OUR new train was not so long as the old one, and we had to crowd into it as best we could. Nor was it quite so clean; but this did not prevent A. from being politely reproved for dropping her cigarette ash on the floor, in spite of the fact that somebody had already spat there. The etiquette of a country is more stringent, and more bewildering, than its by-laws! The new train, however, went considerably faster than the other. In fact, it began to go very fast indeed; and presently a fellow passenger came along the corridor, put his head in at our door and said, with a broad grin and strong Rumanian accent,—

'L'ingénieur—il est ivre.'

The other Rumanians in our carriage received this news with good-humored sympathy. Poor fellow—it was so cold—wasn't it natural that he should have had a drink or two?

Nevertheless, we reached Giurgiu without further mishap, chartered a couple of crazy sleighs and jingled off for two or three miles to Port Ramadan, which is a huddle of wooden huts on the northern bank of the Danube. A piercing east wind was sweeping across a hundred miles of snow plain from the Black Sea. The passport official had long ago grown tired of waiting for our train and was nowhere to be found. So we stood, leaning against a stack of drainpipes, and lifting first one foot and then the other out of the snow, for an hour and a half. Our noses became bluer, our limbs number, and our insides emptier; we wished passionately that we had had another helping of grilled sturgeon for dinner the night before. An old Rumanian very kindly shared with us his flask of a strange local drink called, I think, *pellin*. We played who could see the peasant with (a) the longest goatskin coat, (b) the brightest yellow shoes, (c) the tallest fur hat, and (d) the greatest number of visible gold teeth. The last was won by M. with our own porter, who, so far as we could see, had a complete set of them. The crowd found us just as entertaining as we found them. Two things in particular delighted them: they had never seen a woman of six-foot-one, and they had never seen Newmarket boots. The former they stared at; the latter they stroked. Eventually the passport man appeared, performed his duties with surprising speed, and set us free to leave Rumania.

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This time we could get only one sleigh, into which we managed to cram our four selves, five suitcases, three guns, and two rifles. Then we set off at full gallop across the frozen Danube to the inspiring accompaniment of sleigh bells and curses. The Rumanian and the Bulgarian drivers express their mutual hatred by emitting a continuous, full-throated roar of invective, and by trying to force each other's sleighs off the smooth, narrow track on to the wilderness of rough ice on either side.

After paying our driver twice his legal fare—very nearly half what he was asking—and freeing ourselves with the usual difficulty from his blasphemous protests and clutchings, we climbed precariously up the steep, icy bank and found ourselves in Bulgaria.

RUSTCHUK'S native name is Russe; but owing to the Bulgarians' amusing habit of playing General Post with the alphabet, it is written 'Pycce,' which is confusing to the newcomer. It is a desolate little town of low, square, sinister houses set in a flat waste of snow and ice. It gives you the impression of being built on the edge of nowhere and of being inhabited by lost souls.

In spite of knowing no Bulgarian at all, we managed to get through the customs house (or rather, hut) fairly quickly. The man in charge tapped our gun cases and then went through the motions of playing a stringed musical instrument, with an interrogative look at me. I nodded eagerly. It seemed too good a chance to miss. But something prompted him to open one of them, and he found a Mannlicher. Eyebrows were raised, heads shaken, arms excitedly waved. With a blank smile I said in Rumanian—it is one of the few things I *can* say—that I did not understand Bulgarian. For a short time it looked as though we were going to be arrested as gun runners or members of the I.M.R.O. But at last a German fellow traveler, who did understand Bulgarian, came to our rescue.

'*Englisch*,' he explained soothingly. '*Englisch. Sportist.*'

The customs official's brow cleared instantly. He smiled, winked at the crowd, tapped his forehead, and chalked our luggage through.

It was then four o'clock and we set off in search of lunch. The first thing we discovered about Rustchuk was that at the hotels you can sleep (which God forbid) but you can't eat. The second thing we discovered was that at the eating places you can't eat either. At least, so the proprietor assured us at the 'Casino,' which is the high-sounding and misleading name of the only café we could find. He was sorry, he said in bad German, but cooks in Rustchuk get the afternoon off, and there would be no hot food until seven-thirty. We pointed out that that was the time our train was due to go: could he not give us something cold? He said he had nothing but sardines. Bring us, we said, twenty,

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thirty, or even forty sardines. He smiled as an English waiter would smile if you asked him for a soup tureen full of caviare. He brought us one sardine apiece, reverently garnished with lemon and parsley. Under great pressure he gave us each one more; but further than that he would not go. Sardines, in the land of caviare, are treated with respect.

We contented ourselves with sitting round the stove—like mujiks or samovars or something, said T., in a Russian film—and drinking innumerable tiny glasses of *mastika* (which is like gin mixed with aniseed), *slivovitz* (which is like vodka mixed with ammoniated quinine), and *tsuica* (which is like slivovitz, only more so). It was not until we got up to go, three hours later, that we discovered what these guileless-looking little drinks can do when swallowed on an empty stomach. However, we got to the station without falling out of the sleigh—which went, as usual, at full gallop—and caught the Sofia train.

THIS train (for we had missed the 'Rapid') was described by the station master as 'Ordinary.' To him, perhaps, it may have been; but we, who lead a sheltered life, are not yet so blasé. We still have it in us to marvel when we find such a masterpiece of dirtiness, such a gem of untouched squalor, as that train. After sitting for an hour in a first-class carriage, the state of whose plush upholstery would have made the boldest vacuum cleaner flinch, we were so filthy that we decided to see what the train could offer in the way of washing facilities. But one glance at the basin was enough to send us back, shuddering, to the vaguer, less concentrated grime of our compartment.

Dinner consisted of one dry roll and a small slice of garlic sausage apiece, which we had managed to buy at the station. Then we tied our heads up in handkerchiefs—a most desirable precaution—and settled down in our corners for the night. Fatigue, combined with the tsuica, mastika, and slivovitz, did the rest; we slept passably well, awoke to a landscape of fairy-tale mountains, winding valleys, and frozen rivers, and arrived at Sofia about ten o'clock in the morning. It was then twenty-seven hours since we had washed and thirty-eight since our last square meal. C., to whom we had telegraphed from Rustchuk, was on the platform, clothed, as usual, in the immaculate garments of diplomacy.

'My God,' he said, 'what a state you're in!'

'We are,' I replied. 'A very Balkan state.'

An hour later, such is the magic of eighteen fried eggs between four people, the journey from Bucharest had already begun to seem like a dream. But I, for one, would willingly dream it again. After all, punctuality is the thief of adventure; and neither at King's Cross nor at Euston can you find a porter in a pointed fur hat.

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MEETING BARTOLETTI

A Railway Station Extravaganza

By Massimo Bontempelli

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IT WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS ago that I happened to be walking one September evening on the Via Principe Umberto in Milan. The hands of the clock upon the Porta Nuova stood at eleven, which led me to conclude that it must be either a little earlier or somewhat later than the time indicated. Suddenly Florestano overtook me from behind, grasped my arm, and, without slowing his pace, at once accosted me: 'You have nothing to do. Come with me to the railroad station where I expect to meet Bartoletti!'

I looked at him, drew a deep breath, and addressed him in the following terms: 'In the first place, it might very well happen and as a matter of fact it does happen that I have nothing to do at this moment; nevertheless, I protest vigorously against the fact that you assume that I have nothing to do. In addition, and this is even worse, this assumption was not present in your speech simply by silent implication. No, indeed. Just as someone else might have addressed me as "Massimo" or "Your Excellency," if I were a minister of state, you said, "You have nothing to do." You wished in that manner to indicate a quality which is fundamentally characteristic of my personality rather than one which is the product of a temporary state of mind. I maintain that this is an injustice which offends me, and it follows from my train of reasoning that it is quite impossible for me to go to the station with you, since such an action on my part would be evidence of a certain affectionate willingness and mutual understanding which you, however, have carelessly dissipated by your saucy way of talking.

'In the second place, I must emphasize the fact not only that I refuse to accompany you to the station but also that I earnestly advise you not to go there yourself. A very bad French poet once said an extremely stupid thing: "Partir, c'est mourir un peu." And now we find his words on millions of postal cards and mottoes for kitchen walls. Yet you believe these words implicitly and therefore you are forced to admit that if it is possible to say "Partir, c'est mourir un peu" one can also logically say "Arriver, c'est naître un peu." If you follow the thread of my rigid dialectic, you will come without difficulty to the conclusion that watching somebody arrive at a station is more or less like witnessing a birth, or at least part of the process of birth, and that when one greets an arrival one performs to some extent the functions of a midwife.

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To my mind this picture is so thoroughly unattractive that it would suffice to restrain me for all time from engaging in a situation which might conceivably call such an image to mind.

'This much, then, is to be said concerning the general significance of the action of going to the station to see people arrive. But your case is even more desperate, for you intend to go to the station to fetch Baricoletti . . . '

Florestano interrupted me to make a correction, saying, 'Bartoletti.'

'It is a matter of indifference to me. You intend to go to the station to meet Bartoletti, who is probably an acquaintance of yours or perhaps your friend. In case the former is true, you believe that you are performing an act of courtesy or, if it is the latter and he is a friend, you think that you are acting out of affection. Instead, you are subjecting him to the greatest ignominy imaginable.

'THERE is no doubt that going to fetch a person at the station represents an intrusion on personal liberty, an intrusion of the most objectionable kind. For when you wait for someone just as he leaves the railway coach this means that you are surprising him in a situation which shows him up as disadvantageously as possible, that is to say when he is dirty, dusty, nervous, when his clothes are crumpled and he is stiff from sitting. In short, you come upon him when he is at his lowest possible physical and spiritual ebb. Besides, the moment or two which he is forced to lose by reason of the little reception that you have prepared for him are perhaps the only moments in which he would have been able to hail a porter or a cab. Therefore, it would be your fault if he had to go home on foot and tire himself out by dragging along his own luggage.

'Thus in a situation where a human being is inclined toward any state of mind rather than that of affectionate friendliness for his fellow human beings, you force him to play the well-bred gentleman, for it is obvious that he cannot requite your evident courtesy with incivility. Nevertheless, in the secret places of his heart he curses you for the reasons which I have carefully adduced. You are the instrument by which he is forced to assume a hypocritical pose which must be all the more unpleasant to him, as it would be to anyone, in that he derives no personal advantage from it.

'And there is something even more dreadful: you wish to go and fetch Bartoletti because you believe that you are an intimate friend of his. I assure you that you are mistaken. You were an intimate friend of the Bartoletti who went away, but not of the one who is returning. Traveling implies that one renews one's self, that one is immersed in the unforeseen and the unexpected, all of which may produce an entirely unanticipated effect upon one. Traveling means that one must give one's

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self up to the possibility of a change at once so rapid and so permanent that you ought not to be unduly surprised if you discover that you are just as indifferent toward the new Bartoletti as you were fond of the old one, and that his feelings toward you have undergone the same change.

'Since you possess a somewhat primitive nature, it may be that you will not wish to consider the possibility of such a change (although this possibility is the product of deep and serious reflection). But if that seems wholly impossible to you, I beg you to consider another far more ordinary probability, namely that Bartoletti, in the course of his return trip on the train, may have experienced that celebrated form of traveler's adventure which befalls all human beings at least once in their lives, at any rate according to those who are well qualified to discuss the matter. Suppose that Bartoletti climbs out of the train with a fair unknown companion and that they try to vanish as quickly as possible into the anonymity of the crowd. But, scoundrel that you are, you meet them face to face and destroy their secret, wantonly disturbing the enchantment of their solitude in the midst of a crowd; and perhaps the Fair Unknown, who is undoubtedly distressed and sad, like all women overwhelmed by a sudden access of love, now decides that she does not wish to know anything further about Bartoletti, and leaves him standing there with you. At this juncture Bartoletti will shower upon you bitter though fruitless reproaches, while you yourself will be a prey to the most painful, though no less fruitless remorse.

'These are only the most important of all of the many reasons which lead me to advise you firmly not to fetch Bartoletti from the station, or even to go there for the sole purpose of watching people arrive. However, if you still refuse to follow my advice, I must state emphatically at this point that I will not accompany you on your mission.'

AS I concluded in this vein, we arrived at the station.

A tremendous throng of human beings was emerging from its doors, looking like a thick brown mass with an oily gleam touched here and there by flecks of every conceivable color. In this formless stream creatures bearing some resemblance to human forms took shape now and then.

I pushed my way nearer the exits as the sticky flood surged up from the depths over the steps, surging around the barrier, flowing through it and streaming with renewed force against the tall outer doors. Having passed them and attained outer space, the mass then spread out, forming a tragic human dike. Here and there bright spots of light fell upon it from the arc lights. The square seemed full of a dismal looking mush, crossed at intervals by the long shadows of the street lamps. Gradually the throng disappeared from the immediate vicinity of the doors and withdrew, surrounded by street cars winding their reckless

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way about, and hunted down by the automobiles that went shooting through the streets like arrows. The crowd, growing constantly more formless, made its way toward the romantic gloom of the borders of the park, or wandered down the tortuous ravines of near-by streets, or toward the façades of two rows of hotels which, with their barbarically brilliant illuminations, served as a backdrop for the wild scene.

Although this uniform human mass seemed to have no voice it uttered an incredible jargon of hysterical gurgles, snorts, gasps, and groans, mingled with sighs, smothered cries, and whistles. One might have been listening to a nest of love-crazed serpents in an Indian fig tree, yet this medley of sound represented the articulate hymn of life offered to the starry heavens above.

The first comprehensible words that caught my ear in this tumult were Florestano's as he anxiously asked someone who was coming out, 'Is this the train from Bologna?'

'No, that was the train from Genoa. The one from Bologna is just pulling in.'

'Ah, I can breathe again,' said Florestano.

After he had breathed again, he turned to me saying, 'I shall stand here at the left door and you can stand over at the right. He will have to come out of one or the other. Whichever of us sees him first must call. Now don't let your attention be diverted and keep careful watch!'

I thrust myself into a new stream of human beings that poured forth from the door on the right. Honored and inspired by the confidence placed in me by Florestano, I made ready to observe with infinite precision every person who came toward me. I spread my legs a little so that I should not be swept from my position by the pushing crowd, and valiantly maintained my stand. My body became, as it were, a rock against which the onrushing human waves pounded, separating for a moment into two streams that foamed savagely around me but that immediately merged behind me to form again a single stream. Yet I never looked behind me nor did I concern myself with the later fate of these human waves. I stared straight ahead with the most concentrated attention of which I was capable and examined the faces appearing under hats, caps, and other forms of head gear.

THE human paste at whose almost shapeless unity I had previously been amazed began to divide itself up into individual parts which I subjected to a constant process of moulding. It seemed as though my glance was waking all these creatures into life for the first time, and I felt like God, who, as I imagine, stood at the barrier of the world before just such an undifferentiated, inchoate mass and without touching it, by means of his glance alone, created individual human beings. But perhaps that story is not true. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, however,

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God must have created people without luggage, shawls, umbrellas, baskets, and ingenious headdresses. These things have been made by human beings themselves with the help of the intelligence bestowed on them by the God at the exit door of the great railway station. As a matter of fact, I did not look at the trunks, baskets, and headdresses, but observed individual men and women closely in order to tell whether Bartoletti was among them. Not a single person, I swear, among all the travelers who appeared before me in the door which had been entrusted to my care, escaped my creative and judicial gaze. When I had created and judged them sufficiently my eyes abandoned them to their fate. It is said that God does the same thing. And as they went off, coughing hoarsely, they set about pursuing their respective goals, the Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Milan, the city of Life.

Again men, women, children, and headdresses of all kinds hurried by me, but there was no trace of Bartoletti. Although the frequent shoves which I was involuntarily constrained to deal out brought forth an occasional provocative spark, it was invariably extinguished before any incident developed, for serious conflicts arise only between people who have a great deal of time to waste. A thousand wills and two thousand eyes were fixed upon the ludicrous objective of a cab or a porter, but there was no sign of Bartoletti. There remained only a nursemaid with a child and an old woman who was picking her nose. After they had hurried by, no one else came. Florestano walked over to me and asked, 'Did you see him?'

'No.'

'But did you really look at everyone carefully?'

'Of course I did. What do you take me for?'

Slowly and sadly we started homeward.

'I am completely confused about this matter,' said Florestano. 'I really don't know what to do. Before he went away Bartoletti gave me the keys of his house to keep for him. Look here!'

Out of his pocket he pulled two keys hanging from a ring.

'These are the keys to Bartoletti's house,' he repeated. 'He left Riccione early to-day and sent me a telegram from the station in Bologna which said, "Am arriving half past eleven this evening. Meet me without fail at station with keys. Bartoletti." He is the most dependable and punctual person that you can imagine. If he had missed the train in Bologna I am certain that he would have sent me another urgent telegram. But to me it is simply humanly impossible that Bartoletti should have missed a train.'

THERE was a long pause during which we walked dejectedly through the tunnel. 'And yet, you know,' began Florestano afresh, 'something tells me that Bartoletti did arrive.'

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Suddenly, as he spoke, I heard within myself a hidden voice crying that Bartoletti had arrived. I became more and more certain that Bartoletti was here. I felt internally sensitive to the whole being of the city of Milan, and in this city which was alive in my very veins I discerned Bartoletti's presence. Nor do I know why this feeling should have been so uncannily agreeable to me. Just then Florestano, who is deeply rooted in the matter-of-fact, remarked, 'Still, I looked them all over carefully; I looked at every single person who came out that door. And you, are you perfectly sure that you looked at them all attentively?'

'Good God, yes! Every one! I assure you that . . . Ah!'

This 'ah' was almost a scream, and as I uttered it I felt myself grow pale. I could even touch the pallor on my face with quivering fingers. Confronted by Florestano's eyes, for he had also become pale, I tottered and had to lean against a wall to prevent myself from falling. As I looked in Florestano's eyes I understood that in spite of all preventive measures on the part of human beings the unavoidable is eternally destined to play a part in the affairs of the world, and that in spite of all human care, anxiety, and deliberation, the incomprehensible wields authority over the lives of men. At the same time I realized that neither an appeal to the unavoidable nor to the incomprehensible would be sufficient to justify my seeking pardon from an ordinary human being like Florestano. In the consciousness of all these circumstances I relapsed, thoroughly despondent, into a mood of dumb sadness. Looking at him, filled as he was with dismay at my appearance, I endeavored to assume the countenance of a person who regrets nothing and who attempts to compensate for nothing because he is in the grip of a comfortless sense of resignation in respect to things which have happened. The truth was that in that moment, and for the first time, I remembered that I had never seen or known Bartoletti.

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ANATOLE FRANCE TO-DAY

In Defense of the Master

By Gonzague Truc

Translated from *Comœdia*, Paris Literary and Theatrical Daily

WE ALL REMEMBER the scandalous flood of abuse that came pouring out of the literary world when Anatole France died. It was as if every writer at last felt able to breathe freely and it was only from that time forth that we seemed able to tell the truth about the man who had just passed away. Even the most gentle criticisms, and we are not mentioning all those recollections of his private life, depicted him as a mere entertainer, a trickster who only played for effect. Everyone swore that his reputation would soon evaporate: the wish was father to the thought.

Time has in no way diminished the zeal of these critics, who take every excuse to launch fresh attacks on a man whose memory disturbs them. Only a few weeks ago Marcel Prévost felt it incumbent upon himself to explain just how Anatole France bored him. My friend, Harold Salemson, collected in the last issue of his amusing little review, *Tambour*, the replies given by various individuals he had questioned concerning their opinion of the late master and concerning the level on which they would place him. 'Autopsy' was the title he gave to this investigation and it indeed bore many resemblances to a feat of surgery.

Blaise Cendrars had only one word to say: 'Boredom.' Jean Catel declared there was no need to read Anatole France as long as we had 'Proust, Gide, Valéry, Claudel, Cocteau.' André Gide announced that he would love Anatole France with more abandon if certain imprudent people did not want to make him into a considerable writer. Joseph Jolinon discovered on rereading *La Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque* that he found himself in the same state of impatience that a professional motorcyclist would feel if he were obliged to ride in a victoria with his grandparents. What gallant expressions these were!

We shall pass over many other similar criticisms, including those of Paul Morand, though we should like to point in passing to Jean Cassou, who described himself as being too fond of Voltaire to like France, whom he puts on the same level as Paul Louis Courier. He then launches into a brilliant *tour de force* in which he establishes the fact that one must be a professor to enjoy Anatole France and that France spent his whole time abusing professors.

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When so many serious and often talented people take such an attitude one cannot help asking what can have misled their sense or their judgment and how they can have been capable of such black injustice. The very tone of their brief, trenchant, and necessarily injurious statements indicates that their state of mind on the subject is neither serene nor healthy. But before investigating the secret source of all this weakness and bitterness, let us return for a moment to their outstanding complaints. We ourselves have written in quite good faith a book called *Anatole France, l'artiste et le penseur*, in which we indicate what seems to us the limitations of Anatole France as a thinker and as an artist. When his mind came face to face with the nothingness that only the superficial brilliance of mundane things conceals, he made the mistake, in our opinion, of not daring to push on further, of failing to make a more complete examination of various philosophies and of not understanding the serious, consoling, and perhaps decisive power of hope, faith, and religious charity.

ON THE other hand he fell heir, and this was not his fault, to a language which could only be saved from the cheapening influences of the day by being perfectly handled, and he fulfilled this task brilliantly. He carried the use of his native tongue to the point of perfection, drawing from it with his skepticism everything that one could possibly hope for. He has been discussed as a bookman, an artificial creature shut off from nature, but this was because he did not express himself coarsely enough, or else because he allowed the echoes of past centuries to reverberate in his emotions. Yet sometime there should be published a collection of adages by Anatole France, a sort of breviary which would contain an appropriate passage for each season and even for each day of the year. Such a collection would enable us to relish at the right moment the snowy Epiphany described in that same *Rôtisserie* which some people hold in such contempt, and the winter countryside of the Vendée as depicted in the *Livre de mon ami*, to say nothing of the spring, summer, autumn, and Christmas of *Sylvestre Bonnard*. And think, too, of his rustic scenes and of his thousand and one descriptions of Paris and of the pictures he has given us of Siena, Florence, and Sicily. What if he lacked sweep? He knew how to ravish our senses with perfumed words shot through with light.

Whether he was divining or observing, he never went to the bottom of things. This bachelor who led a far from estimable bachelor existence wrote the most gentle, moving passages describing family life in the early pages of the *Livre de mon ami*, and no childhood memories are quite so touching as his. In respect to love, he seems to have been familiar only with the physical woes it involves, and on this subject more than any other he took the point of view of a skeptic, a dilettante, and a seeker

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for voluptuousness. He evoked all the freshness and all the sorrow, all the ravishing delight and all the ashes of despair that this kind of voluptuousness can lead to, and from the flesh and the simple intelligence that confined him he drew all his emotions and all his ultimate expressions. To have done this is not to have done everything, by any means, but it is no small accomplishment.

Now let us consider the great reproaches made against him for having been merely a man of books, an imitator, a fabricator. Does any classic author ever do anything else? Did not Racine transcribe Tacitus just as France transcribed the Abbé de Villars? Let us tread warily here. Genius always remains itself and loses none of its originality if it copies. The man of books is not inevitably bookish, and readers, likewise, fortify themselves with books and add to their spiritual stature. The proud man, on the other hand, the vain indigent who flatters himself that he lifts nothing from other people and preserves his own character intact, would find that such a process only increased his own misery if that misery were not already infinite, and he reasons like a man who refuses to take nourishment for fear of introducing some foreign element into his body. No one complains about a bride being too beautiful. Let us, therefore, bear with Anatole France's erudition, since it has made him more human.

ANDRÉ GIDE betrays himself more than he hurts France by another piece of criticism. In 1905 he announced that 'a sudden burst of unanimous praise is not an assurance of immortality. Those who are entirely pleasing at first glance suddenly exhaust themselves. I wish I could be sure that we should not exhaust Anatole France quickly. There are no shadows about him and I am worried.' We are hardly surprised that an author so full of shadows as Gide should feel ill at ease when he sees nothing but light, but we must reply to him by saying that light itself has its backgrounds and its shadows, and Charles Maurras, who is as intelligent as M. Gide, has been able to see them.

Still other critics close their eyes to Anatole France for less perverse and more elementary reasons than those given by the author of *L'Immoraliste* and the *Faux Monnayeurs*. We assert, therefore, with perfect tranquillity, that France is misunderstood or hated by a certain group of writers because he is so far ahead of them that they cannot understand him. In his books he is all culture, art, finesse, and mental delicacy. It will be found that he marks the end of a tradition, a long historical train of thought, a great artistic cycle. He is better informed and less malicious than Voltaire, more fond of emotions and nuances than Renan; in short, he is the last classic before this generation of new classics that perhaps begins with Paul Valéry and Giraudoux and that already seems on the point of vanishing. For modern literature, main-

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tained as it is by snobs, both young and old, whom it seduces by deceiving them, wishes to have no more commerce with all the intelligence, logic, and reflection that the old masters used and that made up the substance of their genius. It turns instead to certain fashionable forms of 'purity'—'pure' emotion, 'pure' expression, 'pure' sensation—and it only considers that the mind is pure when it has completely vanished. It is easy to imagine how such a generation would look upon a man like France. It uses his gifts, for it has inherited them from the same culture, and it draws upon his thought, inverting it to attack a writer whom it is unable to appreciate.

Let us confess it frankly: the knowledge we have gained of France as a man has somewhat tarnished his reputation as an author. It is, of course, a good thing to penetrate anyone's private life, artists included, but we cannot help regretting the anecdotes told by J. J. Brousson, and we even find it hard to approve the more favorable aspects of Anatole France presented to us by Nicolas Ségur in his book, *Anatole France anecdotique*. We ought not to know any more about Anatole France than we do about Homer or Hesiod.

The investigation made by Harold Salemson does, however, contain two or three more consoling statements, and it is refreshing to find that they are made by first-rate writers and men of real taste. Henri Duvernois has said that France has grown and Jacques Roujon concludes that 'it is very difficult to put him anywhere but in the first rank.' Posterity will be astonished that there could ever have been any question about it.

ANIMATED by the same malice that the enemies of Anatole France feel, we might launch a countersuit against them and inquire what will be left of them five years after they have died or even during their lifetimes. But we prefer to spare them, to assume that they are fair and disinterested and to blame the times they live in and not themselves. For Anatole France to bear fruit, he must be read, reread, understood, felt, and savored. The modern reader hurries, which is unfortunately all he can do, and the most common way of touching or persuading him is cudgeling him.

But understanding the insults that have been leveled at the memory of a justly illustrious man is no reason for passing them over in silence. The public is entitled to some consideration, and these insults come from professional critics who fail to take the trouble to explain themselves and for the most part merely proclaim their disdain or ill humor in offensive terms and on the smallest pretext. Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre has made the only possible reply to such critics. 'Oh, young people,' she has written, 'oh, young people, who defile the Arc de Triomphe!' The unfortunate thing is that among these young writers many are old enough to know better.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Americans in Paris

THE HABITS OF THE American visitors to Paris invariably provoke comment on the part of the slowly vanishing native population. Here is what Odette Pannetier, a contributor to *Candide*, saw in the Cloche Cave Club just off the Place Saint Michel:—

It is ten o'clock. Dick Bevan, the American pianist and his French colleague, who bears the modest name of Martin, go down to the bar, in other words, to the cellar. Dick Bevan goes first so as to be able to sleep a few minutes, just long enough to soothe a severe cold he contracted during a night given over to whiskey. The Cloche Cave Club, whose initiates refer to it simply as the 'C. C. C.,' is a very picturesque place. Imagine a cave lit solely by electric light bulbs concealed behind a ramp of liqueur bottles—green *crème de menthe*, yellow whiskey, red cherry brandy, and golden cognac. To keep out the humidity, the stone walls are lined with straw, reminding one of a negro's hut. Every minute a new and important contingent of Americans arrives, stumbling down the narrow stairway and installing themselves around tables or along the bar. Within five minutes they are no longer obscure, impersonal figures, for their conversation rises to a crescendo, stimulated, to be sure, by the *crème de menthes*, whiskeys, and gins that they consume.

Nothing excites an American more than to have another American on his right and still another on his left. Suddenly Dick Bevan begins playing and a young man stands up on his chair and sings. It is like a signal. People no longer talk, they shout; they no longer laugh, they are stifled with amusement. A virile looking lady wants to sing, too, but at just this moment another American begins coming down the malicious stairway. How he does it no one knows, and he bursts into such a loud song that he completely drowns out the voice of the unfortunate lady. The legitimate spouse of this too spontaneous gentleman tries to calm his musical zeal by making him consume large glasses of Vittel water. He walks away in disgust to the piano, where he contemplates with happy eyes the fingers of Dick Bevan running up and down the keyboard. Thinking they are rid of him, his wife and his friends order three whiskeys, but no sooner has the barman brought them than the music maniac, warned by some obscure presentiment, abandons the piano, returns to the table, tosses off all three glasses of whiskey, and then, with the most noble air but with rather uncertain steps, again repairs to the piano and to the lady who is singing.

The noisy delight of the Americans, having reached its climax, now begins to evaporate. In a corner a young married couple who have come to Paris on their honeymoon are sleeping with their mouths pressed together. 'What do you expect?' sighs the disabused proprietor. 'That's the way Americans are. They do not like to see attractions, they only like what they do themselves.' The unaffected, familiar freedom of the Cloche Cave Club, therefore, justifies its success.

Morand Sees New York

FOR THE BENEFIT of the readers of the *Figaro*, Paul Morand cut out a number of representative paragraphs from his most recent book, *New York*, to give the Parisian public an idea of what the great American metropolis is like. Here are some of the high spots:—

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New York is big and new, but all America is big and new. It is only necessary to put the adjective, 'new,' in front of Jersey, London, Rochelle, or Brighton, to paint over these old European towns, and then to add twenty stories to every building to have America. The supremely beautiful, truly unique element in New York is its violence. It ennobles the city, excuses it, and makes one forget its vulgarity. For New York is vulgar. It is stronger, richer, and newer than anything else, but it is common. Its rhythm is filled with the violence of city life. We saw many monuments, we saw painted stenographers and gentlemen chewing cigars in the morning, but we looked upon them as isolated figures and with tolerance, and when we return to Europe we remember the skyscrapers but we forget the enthusiasm that built them. As soon as one sets foot on Broadway, tense as a wire, one finds one's self obeying its vibrations and no longer noticing them. I only understood all New York's frenzy when I looked at a cat. It was the only creature that I saw on my visit that did not move and preserved its interior life intact. I chased it away as one pursues an attack of remorse.

As for eating, one eats all the time yet never. The noonday meal, that Latin pause in the middle of the day, is unknown. The air is so full of life, so similar to that of some mountainous country, that your heart beats so fast that you do not ever think of sleeping. Night is suppressed. How can anyone rest in the midst of all this light, all these spasms? The closed, empty shops keep their lights burning all night and we have seen restaurants crowded even at dawn. New York is a city that never stops, never rests; its subways and street-cars rush up and down all night, twenty-four hours a day. Everything moves fast. The wind blows at the rate of ninety miles an hour, shaking the skyscrapers. Tempests of snow and summer tornadoes hit you like the blows of a boxer. You leap from taxi to taxi, jump from a horizontal tube into a vertical tube. It is a life of thrusts, and the telephone is an automatic arm with which you mow down whole districts in a few minutes as if you were handling a machine gun.

And how the people push! They do not push bad-humoredly; everything is gay, yet terrible. The lights and fanfares of Broadway are not made to make one forget life but to make life ten times as insistent. Distractions are placed on the same level of importance with work. You use yourself up completely, stumble, someone gives you a lift, and the party continues. It makes no difference if you are too young, too old, or too lazy, you go on living just the same. Only adult people dwell on Manhattan Island. Nobody lives in New York for pleasure. One stays there just long enough to make one's fortune. Everybody works as much as possible for the fewest possible number of years. After reaching the age of forty the luckier people begin to go fishing for tarpon at Key West. At fifty, one goes to Cannes to play golf. At sixty, one offers to give Columbia University a stadium and makes libations to the god of fortune, but one lives in Fiesole. Luxury is the same for all, but it is half luxury. For the real thing one must still go to Europe. Styles last a week. 'Where is the people?' cried Lafayette when he landed at the Battery. 'Everyone here is well dressed.' Styles inflate New York's millions, making them heave up like dough and adding to their natural condition of fermentation. It is a life of thrill, enthusiasm, emotionalism, and necessary excitement, followed by prostration and immediate oblivion. Variety.

New York is overcharged with electricity. You get undressed at night with lights all around you, creeping over your body like some mauve vermin. If you touch a door knob or a telephone after having rubbed your feet on the carpet, a discharge of electricity occurs and blue lightning flashes from your finger tips. 'I shake hands with you at a distance,' Claudel wrote to me from Washington, 'happy to spare you a commotion.' What is the spleen of London, subtle and slow-moving, compared to the hypocrisy of New York, which one fights off with cocktails and with the nervous exhaustion

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that finally overwhelms one? A European resists these influences a few months; the New Yorker only escapes them by going away. His safety lies in flight. His railway stations are like the churches of some new religion. Many sons of immigrants are seized again by the ancestral need of travel, and their departures look like the migrations of birds or fishes.

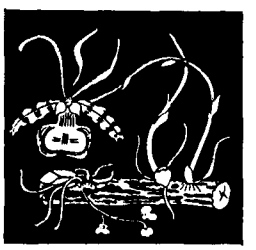
Will this vertical city some day fall and wake us? Nothing can destroy Paris. It is as indestructible as the nave of a church. Paris exists in me and will exist as long as reason exists. It is because of that that I often love it less. But I am not so sure of that marvelous gift known as New York. What if it were only a dream, a prodigious effort, an avatar, an ephemeral renaissance, a magnificent purgatory? Will the waves of the Atlantic again beat on those red rocks that were once New York and that will never be again, when there is nothing to trouble the silence of a once agitated world?

The Wages of Virtue

AMERICA'S RELIGION of prosperity and her faith in material well-being come in for harsh words from Arthur Hollitscher, one of the most respected journalists and critics in Germany, who visited the United States last summer and now has this to say:—

In an article that appeared in one of the popular magazines during the summer of 1929, Henry Ford described the present period in America as the comfortable age. His idea of progress is contained in various forms of physical comfort, automobiles, radios, phonographs, and artificial ice chests. Comfort is the ideal of the present day and comfort justifies everything. A savings-bank book is the crowning attribute of the good life, and, as the figures in it mount to four, five, six, and seven places, apotheosis draws closer. In the world of ideas that now dominates America, general comfort and a rising standard of living among the lower classes play the rôle of a religion. God has rewarded America for its moral way of life and prosperity is the price He has bestowed.

How often have I heard people in America announce that Germany is being punished for her sins in relation to War guilt and in relation to Belgium! As for tired, post-War Europe, America looks upon it with combined pity and contempt. Europe's misery stimulates the curiosity of the Americans, who are sublimely convinced that God is on their side, and America considers its loans to Europe as donations that are destined to lead the whole world on the right path. The Americans are convinced that it is praiseworthy and pleasing in the sight of God for them to receive interest on these loans, not only because the interest represents the reward that ethical superiority is entitled to, but also because it indicates that the seed of American faith has not been spread abroad in vain. Furthermore, the distinguished names of those great American financiers and politicians who are determining the destinies of Europe for good or ill occupy distinguished places in the church books of the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Unitarians.



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WAR AND PEACE

For economic and political reasons of overpowering force, we are profoundly certain that the working democracy of Britain under universal suffrage, with a majority of women, will be immovably neutral as long as America is neutral. This is one of the surest checks on all war thoughts based on armaments, alliances, and ententes.—*J. L. Garvin, Editor of the London 'Observer.'*

A few nations have come out of the World War with increased territory. These nations naturally want to preserve the status quo and are inclined to oppose disarmament unless they can be assured guarantees of international assistance in the face of some foreign aggressor. Other nations have lost some of the territories they once held and for that reason they have had to reduce their armaments considerably. These nations naturally advocate general disarmament and also demand a readjustment of present frontiers.—*Eliel Löfgren, former Foreign Minister of Sweden.*

The growth of Communism and of Nationalistic Socialism in Germany represents a danger to all Europe. It is leading straight to war or revolution, to war and revolution. For a war would bring with it revolution and a revolution would be accompanied by war. These two dangers are inseparable. They have the same purpose: destruction. They arise from the same cause: poverty.—*Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, founder of the Pan-European movement.*

The Kellogg Pact has made no difference at all in the situation since 1927. Apparently it causes other countries to increase their cruisers, while Britain is the only one which is led to reduce. We can not continue giving something for nothing. Unless others' ships are to be reduced it is a farce to describe the coming agreement as a reduction. It is a reduction for no country but ours, whose need for cruisers is the highest.—*Viscount William C. Bridgeman, former First Lord of the British Admiralty.*

God knows I am tired of it all. I have had nothing but 'Navy this' and 'Navy that' for the last ten years. Yes, I am tired of it. What has my reward been? The only reward I have had from my Government—the Government I have served—was the importation of mud —dirty, filthy scum plastered over me to appease Great Britain, which has dominated our State Department for the last twenty-five years.—*William B. Shearer, American navy propagandist, speaking in Carnegie Hall, New York City.*

Only one who has actually experienced war can become a true apostle of peace, wherefore the creation of men of peace is more important than the League of Nations or peace conferences.—*Lion Feuchtwanger, German novelist.*

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